

THE CRITIC.

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NOVEMBER, 1862.

Price 6d.; stamped 7d.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The Eleventh Year.—*Trustees*, Viscount RANELAGH and J. C. COBOLD, Esq., M.P.—This Society has now entered on its eleventh year, having been established on September 7th, 1852. Prospectuses, explanatory of the share, deposit, land, and building departments, will be sent free of charge to any part of the world. No partnership liability, and the taking of land entirely optional. Present rate of interest, payable in half-yearly warrants, five per cent. per annum on shares (with participation in any profits above that allowance), and four per cent. per annum on deposit accounts—the investors not becoming members of the Society. *CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Sec.* Offices, 33, Norfolk-street, Strand, W.C.

THE PRESS.

WANTED, by a verbatim Short-hand Writer, a SITUATION as REPORTER and READER on a provincial Newspaper. Terms very reasonable. Apply by letter to "O. W." (No. 626), 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London, W.C.

TO NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS.—A gentleman, of superior abilities and acquirements, and long practical experience in the entire routine of a Newspaper Office, desires a RE-ENGAGEMENT as EDITOR or SUB-EDITOR of a metropolitan or provincial paper, or to write leaders, in which he would be found an able assistant. Terms moderate; a permanent respectable berth in a suitable locality being more an object than a large salary. Address "L. O. I." (No. 629), Currier Office, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

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ESHER, SURREY.—The SONS of GENTLEMEN EDUCATED for ETON, HARROW, and the PUBLIC SCHOOLS, the ARMY, CIVIL SERVICE, and INDIA, by the Rev. CHARLES CLARKE, &c. &c.; from eight years old and upwards. Terms according to age and requirements.

AS GOVERNESS.—WANTED by a young Lady a RE-ENGAGEMENT. She teaches sound English, with music, and the rudiments of French. Age 22. A two years' reference. Address, Miss S. E. HALEY, Costack, near Loughborough.

WANTED.—A young gentleman, age 21, will be in want of a SITUATION after the Christmas vacation, as SECOND (Resident) CLASSICAL and MATHEMATICAL MASTER, and to teach English if required, in a large school near town. Salary required 40l. An excellent reference. Address, "T. H." (No. 630) 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London, W.C.

A BENEFICED and MARRIED CLERGYMAN, a Cambridge M.A., residing in Cheshire, whose son (then 12 years old) took the Uppingham Scholarship of last year, receives THREE or FOUR BOYS, between the ages of 8 and 12, to EDUCATE for PUBLIC or PRIVATE SCHOOLS. There are two vacancies. References to the Head Master of Uppingham School, &c. Terms ninety guineas. Apply by letter to "C. M. A." (No. 495), Field Office, 348, Strand, London.

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TO SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.—ALFRED W. BENNETT, Publisher and Bookseller, 5, Bishopsgate-street Without, London, E.C., is prepared to supply Educational Establishments in London and the country on the most advantageous terms. Orders by post, or otherwise, promptly attended to.

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WANTED, by an Ex-Theological Student, but an educated person, partly brought up at Harrow, afterwards read with private Clergymen, a SITUATION as PRIVATE SECRETARY to some gentleman. Advertiser is between 30 and 31 years old, and from delicate health and other reasons, is prevented from taking Holy Orders at present. Address, stating all particulars, "F. H." (No. 251), 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London, W.C.

HOUSEKEEPER or COMPANION.—A Lady of high respectability, age 35, WISHES for an ENGAGEMENT as COMPANION to an elderly lady, or as HOUSEKEEPER to a widower with a young family. The advertiser has had much experience, and can give high references. Salary 35l.—Address 2, Post-office, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

HOUSEKEEPER and USEFUL COMPANION.—A lady seeks a situation as housekeeper and useful companion to an invalid or elderly lady or gentleman, or in the house of a widower, where there are children requiring maternal care. The advertiser has had considerable experience, and can offer good testimonials and references. The country preferred. Address, "A. Z." 10, Upper Copenhagen-street, Barnsbury-road, London, N.

THE EDUCATIONAL REGISTRY.

APPOINTMENTS OFFERED.

FULL particulars of the following Appointments Offered are entered on the *Gratuitous Educational Registry*. This Registry may be inspected, or further particulars will be supplied to applicants by letter, without payment of any fee. Address the GRATUITOUS EDUCATIONAL REGISTRY, Critic Office, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C. *Notice.*—Applicants by letter should quote the number of the "Box" in each case, to facilitate reference; and also inclose two stamps for the reply.

HEAD MASTERSHIP of the high school department of the Doveton Protestant College, Madras, South India. Salary 250 rupees per mensem (equivalent to 300l. a year), with 150l. for passage and outfit. The engagement will be for five years. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6173, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A NON-RESIDENT TUTOR is required immediately in a school near town for mathematics, book-keeping, and writing. Good references indispensable. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6180, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

REQUIRED, after the Christmas vacation, in a commercial college in Yorkshire, two gentlemen in Holy Orders, one to act as chaplain and take the classical desk, and other as examiner and superintendent of the class-rooms. Oxford or Cambridge graduates preferred. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6182, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

WANTED at Christmas an experienced first-class CERTIFICATED MASTER for the English department of a Free Grammar School in Leicestershire. Salary 120l. with a residence. Testimonials to be sent on or before the 15th of November. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6184, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

WANTED, a gentleman who has taken a degree, and will devote his whole time to his duties, as MASTER of the second form in a Northamptonshire grammar school. Also as MONITOR, a youth under 15, preparatory for college. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6186, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

WANTED after Christmas, in a private school, a Second Classical and Mathematical TUTOR. Supervision during play hours forms part of the system of education. Stipend 20l. with board and lodging. Applicants to state age, give reference, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6188, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

SCHOOL ASSISTANT. Wanted immediately an English master, until Christmas, in an established school a few miles from London. Applicants to send references, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6190, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ASSISTANT MASTER in a college near London. Vacant at Christmas. Salary 120l. with rooms and commons. Candidates must be in holy orders. Testimonials to be sent in on or before November 20. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6192, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS. Wanted, by a lady residing about thirteen miles from London, a governess to give lessons in French and music two days a week. The house is situated about five miles from a railway station, and a conveyance will be provided to take her to and from the station; must have been accustomed to teach French. Applicants to state terms and give references. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6194, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

GOVERNESS. Wanted, in an old-established school in Cumberland, a well-educated young lady, competent to impart a thorough English education; she must also have a knowledge of French, music, and drawing. Applicants to state age, salary expected, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6196, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A LADY, not under 20 years of age, is required to superintend the education of five young ladies. In return, a comfortable home, with lessons in Italian and French, as well as on the pianoforte from a first-rate musician, will be given. None but a good English scholar need apply. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6198, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

RESIDENT GOVERNESS. Wanted in the country a lady of judgment, possessed of good health and spirits, and experienced and conscientious. Must be a member of the Church of England, and not under 25 years of age. Music, fluent French, and thorough English required. Applicants to state salary, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6200, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

WANTED, in the family of a clergyman of the Church of England, a GOVERNESS, to teach English, French, music, and dancing, and to take the care of the wardrobe of three children, the eldest ten years of age. Salary 16l. the first year. A German or French lady would not be objected to. Address, inclosing stamps, Box 6202, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

WANTED, after Christmas, a LADY to undertake the chief educational department in a select ladies' school. She must be able to teach thoroughly French and music. Locality Yorkshire. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6204, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ASSISTANT SCHOOMISTRESS wanted at Christmas, for an orphan asylum in Devonshire. Must be certificated. Salary 30l. with board and lodging. Copies of testimonials in candidate's own handwriting, to be sent in on or before Dec. 4. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6206, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

NURSERY GOVERNESS. Wanted a lady of decided piety to take the entire charge of three little boys, under 9 years of age. A knowledge of music, French, and Latin required. Locality, Somersetshire. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6208, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

DAILY GOVERNESS. Wanted, at Highgate, near London, for four girls, ages between 6 and 12. Hours from ten to five. She must be able to teach sound English, music with the assistance of a master, French, and drawing, with daily study of the Scriptures. 40l. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6210, 10, Wellington-st., W.C.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED.

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A GERMAN PROFESSOR, who understands French, drawing, and music, desires another resident engagement. Age 29. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,861, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS MASTER, in or near London (salary 100l. with board and lodging, or an equivalent), by a Cambridge graduate, sen. op. mathematical honours, a moderate classic, of some experience in tuition, 26 years of age, and in Priest's orders. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,863, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS PRIVATE TRAVELLING TUTOR, and where the pupils are young, by a gentleman who has had some experience as a teacher, and whose qualifications and disposition would ensure rapid progress. Is competent to give instruction on the organ, harmonium, piano, and in mathematics, drill, cricket, drawing, &c. Good testimonials and references. Age 19. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,865, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

PRIVATE LESSONS in French, German, Italian, and first-class mathematics, by a Graduate of the University of Berlin. Also lectures in schools on German and French literature, history, &c. Terms moderate. Has had considerable experience in tuition, and can be well recommended. Age 26. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,867, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS PROFESSOR of French, German, and Latin, by a young Swiss gentleman who has passed a Swiss States' examination (equal to the degree of B.A.). Has had eight years' experience in tuition, and possesses excellent testimonials. Is able and would not object to teach Greek, if required; also gymnastics. Salary from 50l. to 80l., resident or non-resident, in a school or family. Knows English thoroughly. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,869, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS RESIDENT GERMAN TUTOR, by a native of the North of Germany. Applicant is 27 years of age. He wishes to teach only his own language, and that in a school in or near London. He speaks a little English. Excellent references and testimonials. Salary 40l. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,871, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTER, or PRIVATE TUTOR. Five years' experience in teaching English generally, mathematics and classics, land surveying, and geometry. Age 25. Salary 40l. No objection to going abroad. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,873, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

THE SON of a CLERGYMAN, second master in a first-class school, desires a TUTORSHIP for the approaching Christmas vacation. If for only a few hours daily, a comfortable home would be sufficient remuneration. A clergyman's family near London preferred. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,875, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS TUTOR in a family, or ASSISTANT in a school; the neighbourhood of London, the south of England, or the Continent preferred. Advertiser is 23 years of age; spent two years at the Lycee in France; has held the appointment of assistant in a school, and is competent to teach English, French, arithmetic thoroughly, book-keeping by double entry, elementary algebra, geometry, and land measuring. Terms 40l. board and lodging. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,877, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS TUTOR in a family or school, by a graduate of the University of Berlin. Teaches first-class mathematics, Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian. Age 26. Salary moderate. Has had much experience in tuition. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,879, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS VISITING TUTOR. A gentleman, formerly of Winchester College and the University of Oxford, has some hours disengaged. He has prepared pupils for Winchester, Eton, &c. High testimonials. Terms moderate. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,881, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, lately engaged as tutor, and who intends going to Oxford next year, wishes to meet with some clergyman or tutor, whom he might assist with the junior pupils, and have some time for private study. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,883, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

ASSISTANT TUTOR, or TUTOR in a FAMILY, by a young man competent to teach Latin, Greek, English, French, mathematics, and natural science. Salary 30l. or less with assistance in his own studies. Experience, 18 months. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,885, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS JUNIOR MASTER in a public, or in a clergyman's private school, or as PRIVATE TUTOR where the pupils are young. Has had three years' experience in first-class schools; is tall and healthy. Teaches English, Euclid, drawing, piano, junior Latin, penmanship, drill, cricket, &c. Is a brilliant organist, and would prefer an engagement where he could officiate as such. Terms not less than 25l. board, &c. Excellent testimonials and references. Age 19. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 11,887, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

REGISTRY ADVERTISEMENTS
continued on next page.

AS ASSISTANT MASTER in a private school, or **MASTER** in a British school; if the former, with a salary of not less than 45*l*. board and lodging, or 50*l*. non-resident; if the latter, with not less than 80*l*. Obtained a first-class certificate; has experience in teaching, and can produce good testimonials. Age 22. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,889, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS ASSISTANT MASTER (resident), by a young gentleman who has had two years' experience in tuition, and is competent to teach English generally, junior mathematics, Latin, French, and drawing. Salary 20*l*. Age 18. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,891, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS ASSISTANT MASTER, by a gentleman who has had four years' experience in grammar schools, and is capable of instructing in all the branches of a sound English education. Age 26. Salary would be a secondary consideration; at present he is receiving 30*l*. per annum. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,893, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS, in a family, to children under twelve years of age, by a young lady accustomed to tuition, and competent to teach English generally, the rudiments of French and music, and a little of German. Has taught in schools and families. Good references can be given. Age 23. Salary 20*l*. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,895, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS or TEACHER in a school, by a young lady qualified to instruct in English, music, singing, and in the French. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,897, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS in a gentleman's or tradesman's family, by a young lady who is accustomed to tuition, and able to instruct in music and French, with good English. Would not object to travel, nor to take a situation on the Continent. Salary not less than 20*l*. with laundry expenses. Age 24. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,899, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS in a family, where the pupils are under 14 years of age, by a young lady, who is able to impart a sound English education, with the rudiments of music. Terms 10*l*. the first year, with laundress, and a prospect of increase. Has had the tuition of four young ladies under 12 years of age. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,901, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS to children under 12 years of age, or as **COMPANION** to an invalid lady, by a young lady who has experience in both vocations. Is competent to teach English, French, music, and drawing. Salary 25*l*. A Midland county preferred. Age 22. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,903, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS to children under 12 years of age, by a young lady, who is competent to teach the usual routine of an English education, with music and French. Has had four years' experience in tuition, and can give respectable references. Salary not under twenty guineas. Age 26. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,905, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS, or NURSERY GOVERNESS, by a young lady, who is competent to instruct in English, with the rudiments of French and music. If required, would take the entire charge of her pupils and the care of their wardrobes. Salary 20*l*. Good references. Advertiser is well adapted to fill the situation of useful **COMPANION** to a lady, and would have no objection to travel. Age 22. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,907, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS in a family, or **LADY HOUSEKEEPER** in a gentleman's or widower's family, by a young lady, who is experienced in tuition, and can speak and read French fluently. Has no objection to travel, nor to reside in the country. Salary 30*l*. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,909, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS GOVERNESS. The widow of a clergyman wishes to recommend a young lady who has resided in her family as **Governess**. She is most conscientious in the discharge of her duties, and is competent to instruct in the general branches of a sound English education, also in music, French, the rudiments of drawing, and German. With she speaks fluently. Pupils under twelve preferred. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,911, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS DAILY GOVERNESS, in the neighbourhood of Waterloo-bridge, by a lady, who is competent to instruct young children in English, French, and drawing. Terms 21*l*. per annum. Age 29. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,913, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS ENGLISH GOVERNESS, in a gentleman's or nobleman's family, by a young lady, who is competent to teach thoroughly English, music, and French. Possesses superior testimonials; was five years in her last engagement. Salary not under 60*l*. Age 23. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,915, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A LADY, who will be at liberty at Christmas, seeks a re-engagement as **RESIDENT GOVERNESS** in a family. She can impart a sound English education in all its branches, with music, singing, French and the rudiments of German. Age 21. Salary 30*l*. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,917, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A LADY, of considerable experience and cheerful disposition, is desirous of meeting with a situation either as **COMPANION** to a lady, domestic **HOUSEKEEPER**, or as **GOVERNESS** to two or three young children. She is particularly suited for any post of trust, and further is a member of the Established Church, and can offer the most satisfactory references. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,919, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

MUSIC LESSONS, West End of London preferred, but would not object to go a short distance from town once or twice a week. Terms, at her own residence, near Portland-place, for lessons of one hour, 7*5*.; at pupils' residence 10*5*. 6*d*.; schools and colleges according to agreement. Is a finished pianist and thorough musician. Can give her lessons in German or French if desired. Age 22. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,921, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

A YOUNG LADY is desirous of obtaining a situation as companion to a lady. She possesses a cheerful disposition, kind and obliging manners, is a good amanuensis, plays and sings, and would have no objection to travel. Address, stating salary and requirements, including two stamps, Box 11,923, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS JUNIOR TEACHER in a school, or **GOVERNESS** in a family, where the children are under 12 years of age. Advertiser is competent to teach general English, French, music, singing, and the rudiments of drawing. Has been a governess pupil in a school. Age 17. Salary from 16*l*. to 30*l*. per annum. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,925, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS RESIDENT GOVERNESS to children under twelve years of age, and in or near London, by a young lady accustomed to tuition, and competent to teach English and the rudiments of music. No objection to travel, nor to reside abroad. Salary 14*l*. with prospect of increase. Her former engagement was in Ireland. Age 20. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,927, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS RESIDENT GOVERNESS, by a young lady who has some experience in tuition, and is competent to teach English, French, and thorough good music, having been a pupil of one of the first masters in London. Salary 25*l*. Age 21. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,929, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS MORNING, AFTERNOON, DAILY, or VISITING GOVERNESS: the locality of Belgravia would be preferred, but one which can be conveniently reached by rail not objected to. Advertiser has upwards of twenty years' experience in tuition, and travelled through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. Her qualifications are English, French, music, and elementary German and Italian. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,931, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

AS MISTRESS in a public school; if in London or its suburbs, preferred. Advertiser is 24 years of age, has experience in tuition, and can give good references. Address, including two stamps, Box 11,933, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

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NEW READINGS of MOTTO and ARMORIAL BEARINGS of H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES. Part II.: The Foreign Coat of Arms of Saxo-Coburg-Gotha, Count of Henneberg, &c., with the Cognizance of Princess Alexandra and the Patronymic or family name of the Royal House of Britain of the Line of Wettin.

For opinion on Part I., see CRITIC, Nov. 16, 1861.

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THE CRITIC.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

A SINGULARLY UNEVENTFUL MONTH, whether as regards literature, art, or science, is that which has just closed behind us. No books to speak of; publishers being apparently paralysed by the uncertain condition of trade and the depressing influence of the American miseries—a brisk time though for the political newspapers, to whom every wind—whatever “air it blow”—brings good: the Conservative journals making great sport at the disruption of the most successful republican experiment of the century, and the liberal ones overjoyed at—they only know what.

No doubt the most successful book of the month is a “sensation” novel by a young lady. “Lady Audley’s Secret” has attained its fourth edition in as few weeks, and the fair head of its authoress has added wealth of material gold to that with which Nature has endowed her. By the way, Miss BRADDON’S heroine has golden hair and she can “smile and smile and be a villain.” Let us hope only half the portraiture is true.

The Great Exhibition—as an exhibition—closes on the day when these words appear, although it remains open another fortnight as a bazaar. Commercially, it will prove a failure, as we announced at the first. Somebody (whether guarantors or others we know not) will have to find between 50,000*l.* and 60,000*l.* of deficit. Some say Messrs. KELK and LUCAS will bear the burden. Why should they? If they do, they will be the most chivalric of builders. Friendly statisticians point out that the number of visitors is about equal to that which attended in 1851. What then? This exhibition has been open a full fortnight longer. Then again, the present building is much larger, and the cost will bear no comparison: the present building, with its monstrous wasteful domes, has cost nearly 40,000*l.* in excess of the total cost of the Crystal Palace of 1851 and the Sydenham Palace put together. The PRINCE OF WALES, however, is to preside over the ceremony of distributing the medals and certificates of honourable mention, which is to take place next January. How many persons will be attracted even by that circumstance into spending a cold January day in the deserted shed at South Kensington remains to be seen.

One of the great events of the month has been the Congress of the British Association at Cambridge. The meeting does not appear to have given unmitigated satisfaction, as the echoes of certain complaints (which will be found elsewhere in our columns) too clearly testify. On looking over the abstracts of the papers read, the solid additions made to the stock of human knowledge by this meeting do not seem to be overwhelming.

Next month, judging by the publishers’ lists, will be a more eventful one from the literary point of view. Many promising announcements are made, and our next impression will report, we confidently expect, something better than barrenness.

A letter of instructions to Inspectors of Schools upon the administration of the Revised Code has lately been issued from the Council Office, bearing the signature of the Secretary, Mr. LINGEN. Instead of being merely explanatory, this pamphlet is legislative, and to a much greater extent than most of the old “Minutes” were. A formal pledge was given when the modified Revised Code was accepted by Mr. WALPOLE that no material alteration should be attempted without Parliamentary sanction. This pledge has been completely disregarded by Mr. LINGEN, who, in the pamphlet before us, inaugurates several most sweeping changes in the provisions of the Code itself. By way of illustration we may refer to the regulations contained in the Code in regard to the payment of schoolmasters. It was by the Code made a condition of managers receiving the Government grant that certificated teachers should be employed and duly paid. This “duly paid” was fully defined in the Code to be the receiving of “not less than three times the grant allowable upon their certificates,” and further that “they have a first charge to the extent of this grant, being one-third of such due payment, upon the money received by the managers, under Article 40.” This appears to be plain English, and it formed a basis upon which teachers thought they could rely, and make agreements with managers; and, further, it appeared to be a condition that managers could not evade without forfeiting all claim to the grant. Mr. LINGEN, however, thus instructs inspectors to advise managers to repudiate the condition altogether: “The defence of managers to a teacher who would take advantage of the article (!) must be that he has been ‘duly paid’ in the sense which it defines, and he is so in any of the following cases: 1. If his agreement was to receive three times the grant payable upon his certificate, or more, and he has received three times that grant, he is ‘duly paid,’ although he may not have received the full sum for which he agreed. 2. If he agreed to receive less than three times the same grant, he is ‘duly paid’ if he has received the sum he has agreed for. 3. He may agree to waive the benefit of the article altogether, in which case he is ‘duly paid,’ whatever he receives!” Surely comment on such a piece of dishonest evasion is superfluous! Very few attorneys, whose names have not been struck off the rolls, would use such Jesuitical casuistry. Here is an article that makes due payment of the schoolmaster a condition, and defines such due payment. Never mind the article, says this pamphlet; all you have to do is to agree with your teacher to waive it, and then

“duly paid” does not mean the sum stated in the Code, or, in fact, any sum whatever; even if a teacher receive *nothing* he is “duly paid.” These, in fact, are the very words of one of the cases put by way of illustration: “F. If he [a schoolmaster] has agreed to waive the article, and to receive 100*l.*, but has received *nothing*, he has no charge upon the grant, of whatever amount it may be.” Such is the way in which Parliamentary pledges and the most essential features of the Revised Code are repudiated by the administrators of the Council office. Instead of the former plan of effecting an alteration by a new “Minute,” which cannot now be openly pursued, changes that are deemed desirable by the Council officials are now to be brought about by “letters of instructions” from the secretary? What confidence can be placed in such administrators? These gentlemen probably regard with satisfaction the injury done to certificated schoolmasters, and are probably indifferent to the deterioration of popular education which will result from the exodus of experienced teachers that is now rapidly going on; but they should at least have discernment enough to see that the present extreme measures are paving the way for a complete reaction, in which we may be sure (the Codifiers will be regarded as cautionary examples in the same way as rats are nailed to barn doors.

The Science and Art Department has issued a summary of its rules in regard to the assistance they are prepared to render to the industrial classes in procuring instruction in drawing and science. After enumerating the branches of science to be studied, the nature of the assistance is then detailed. There are, first, payments to teachers who have gained by examination the certificate of the department; next, grants for apparatus, prizes for successful students, including exhibitions and royal scholarships in connection with the School of Mines. The rules under which the plan is to be worked are clear and precise, but will be a dead letter in regard to the most important field in which the department can only hope for enlarged operations, viz., the elementary schools. Mr. LINGEN has succeeded in forcing the Department to adopt a rule (xx.) as follows: “The certified master of an elementary school who has pupil-teachers apprenticed to him cannot receive the science certificate allowance, even if holding a science certificate.” When we mention that under the Revised Code the schoolmaster receives no payment whatever for the instruction of pupil-teachers, the rule seems only explicable as being intended to cramp the operations of the Science and Art Department by the exclusion of the elementary schoolmaster from one sphere of industry. Mr. LINGEN thinks the Department may “usefully subsidise [a strange term for payment for work done and tested by results] its local schools of art to such an extent as may enable managers of adjacent elementary schools to send their children to them;” but objects “radically to making a direct ‘extra’ grant to an elementary school.” That is, the creation of a duplicate set of school-rooms, teachers, &c., should be encouraged for the teaching of science, rather than economically employing the existing machinery of the elementary school and its teacher! Mr. LINGEN practically says, pay anybody and everybody so that you do not assist the elementary school. The Revised Code was understood to be based on the principle of *paying for results in reading, writing, and arithmetic*, and as the State has thought fit to encourage *drawing and science*, on the same principle of paying for *results* instead of *means*. But, according to Mr. LINGEN, this is all a mistake. He contends that the Revised Code is not a plan for special payments, but penalties; not payments for reading, for writing, and for arithmetic, but penalties for failure in these respective essentials. But admitting the correctness of this novel interpretation, the prohibition against paying the schoolmaster for the additional work of teaching drawing is, as Captain DONNELLY puts it, as monstrous as saying to a bricklayer that he shall lay one thousand bricks *and no more*. “I cannot see,” continues Captain DONNELLY, “how Government can pay one set of men for doing a thing, while it excludes other equally competent men from earning the same payment.” Nor can we, nor any except those who are bent upon disqualifying elementary teachers, and them alone, from obtaining the payments from the State which are open to all other persons for successful teaching in drawing and science. The question is not whether the State does right in paying for the teaching of drawing and science. Some contend that it should not pay for any branch of education whatever, or help people to acquire what it is their interest to obtain. The State *does* pay for the elementary subjects of education, and it has sanctioned drawing and science being included, because it finds that otherwise these things are taught badly or not at all, and that the expensive penalty of ignorance falls on the community. Mr. LINGEN does not object to the payment for science and drawing, and says, if the plan “offered no direct grants to elementary schools, I should think it in other respects a good one.” Whence this unaccountable *animus* against the school? He continues, “If the money must be paid, it should at least be paid to the managers.” This is kick number two against the schoolmaster; which, however, is very effectively disposed of by Mr. REIDGRAVE, who observes, “The advantage of paying the schoolmaster is to make his interest in the teaching ‘direct,’ while it would be less if paid to the managers. The payment is only for a certain amount of work done.”

We insert the following *corrigendum*;

Sir,—I would ask you to correct an error which you no doubt copied from the Bookseller respecting the death of the late Mr. Chas. Griffin. The paragraph

states: "He was the son of Mr. Richard Griffin, the founder of the house of R. Griffin and Co., of Glasgow." In justice to the memory of my late father, I beg to say that it was *he* who was the founder of the said house—he placing Mr. R. Griffin to manage the business, and some years after my father sold the stock to Mr. G., who retained the agency; and, during a period of many years standing, both houses have worked together in a spirit of good will and friendship.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

W. Tegg.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT CAMBRIDGE.

WE HAVE HEARD SO FREQUENTLY that this, the thirty-second meeting of the British Association, will hold no distinguished or dignified place in the history of that body, that we are inclined briefly to review the incidents which have led to this assumed loss of position. Almost before Cambridge was reached, the small conclave who are as a hidden mystery of unknown powers in the working of all our academies and associations had been seen shaking their heads. Preternaturally-acute senses had even caught sounds of creakings among these unseen wheels, and these being echoed, became cries of evil promise among the petrels of our hebdomadal literature, who thus inaugurated the work they came to aid. It may be supposed that predictions of failure and loss would not tend to improve the amenities, either of Cambridge, or of her philosophical visitors, but as regards the University and town, we confess ourselves unable to remember any of those wonderful "shortcomings and slights" which, we were told, had disarranged the springs and movements of the associated machine. Dwellers in and out of colleges welcomed their thousand visitors, and did for them what they could. Cambridge is not Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Newcastle, or Aberdeen—towns which appear to have caused forgetfulness of the objects of the Association in the minds of some members, by a lavish and indiscriminating system of ovational feasting. Scientific palates need not be wholly averse to dainties, but if the nomades of philosophy are to camp always in the tents of the flesh, it must eventually turn to their hurt. We shudder to think how far removed from rational philosophy next year's papers may have been, had a second course of Manchester been ordered for the wandering savans. As it is, they will probably enjoy their entertainment the more next year; but let them remember that it is Oxford and Cambridge which make such feastings possible.

But though we cannot reasonably endorse complaints made against colleges and town, we are obliged to accept very regretfully the remarks made freely against the Association itself. No one who has at heart the prosperous existence of it, as a body of honourable philosophers, can look without pain at the increase during the last three years of those wranglings at the gate of knowledge which can and do only result in obstruction and delay. Contending philosophers, who dispute for half a day upon subjects as unsatisfying as the kinship of men with apes, neither enter the temple themselves, nor allow others to go in. Concerning the scientific good to be derived from keeping the question open, and producing it, meeting after meeting, with all its urticating tentacles fully displayed, we confess entire ignorance and unbelief. We are bound to conclude that the philosophers who have staked out this neutral ground on the principle that each man shall dispute his neighbour's claim, have considered that development does not always mean progress, and that the ground may be tilled and sunk into without raising it above its former value. They have, no doubt, all graduated in that school of biological thought which teaches the derivative value of lateral developments, and that an approach to the human form in one anatomical particular does not imply a corresponding proximity in station and relationship. We wish also to assume their entire knowledge of the law of divergences, which we remember to have read of as a backward, and not a progressive, tendency in creation. But if, after the contemplation of these and kindred studies, nothing more satisfactory can be presented for the appeasement of the lay mind than the paper produced by Professor Owen at this Cambridge meeting, which had not the apology of a single new point to offer in extenuation of its appearance, we are doomed, we fear, to a long continuance in our opinion. The subject itself is become a yearly scandal. Year after year it appears, spiced with the same irritating topics. As regularly Democritus follows in its wake with his parable of comment, in which some discern the thinly-veiled form of the other teacher, the shadow of the weeping philosopher. This year, a speech of that inane booby, Lord Dundreary, has been added to gorilla literature by, as is reported, a reverend professor of the University, a production which the "Society for the Discouragement of Mirth" will probably be inclined to adopt.

Another subject, and one which has long been a stock entertainment of our annual gathering, we are inclined to visit less harshly, because it doubtless is, to some extent, a pleasure to the lady philosophers and their friends—we allude to the "lectures with experiments" which usually attract the largest audiences of the week. But our fair friends have, we are sure, so little wish to class a lecture on chemistry with a *séance* of M. Robin, that we may be permitted to point out how nearly the modern performance of the two entertainments are becoming allied, and how little reverence can be inspired by the grandest and most subtle truths of science, when they are presented with the accompaniment of sensational jugglery.

The remarks made by some of the speakers upon the desirable extension of science in the curriculum of University study, led to some public and private discussions, and, on two occasions, the college system suffered some injustice at the hands of its would-be improvers.

One day in the Geological Section was nearly devoted to flint implements, almost to the setting aside of a subject which ought first to be settled, the physical climate and surface conditions of Europe during the age to which these ancient weapons have been referred. The subject met with its opposing side, in the person of a former wrangler of the University, who was somewhat hardly used by Dr. Falconer in reply, though the opportunity of visiting the sins of indifference to scientific teaching committed by Cambridge in former years upon her children, was a temptation hard to be resisted. Refreshed by this exposition of error, Dr. Falconer fell with a pious zeal upon poor Mr. Macmillan, for having, in a moment of weakness, admitted a thoroughly heterodox article into his usually truth-teaching serial; and again the University had to suffer for the faults of her sons. But we do not think that lasting annoyance can be felt from any remarks. Indeed, when the address by Prof. Huxley "Upon the condition and Prospects of Biological Science," which we are glad to learn is now passing through the press, appears with a few introduced notes suggested at after meetings, it will doubtless be as acceptable to the University, as it will be valuable to all who desire the spread of biological science. A report on the zoology of the herring, read by this able naturalist, in which some mysteries were cleared up, and the mis-statements of Pennant corrected, was an interesting contribution to Section D. Indeed, the zoological papers were of unusual interest. Dr. Falconer in this, and a kindred section of natural history, settled the range and distribution of the *Proboscidea*, past, present, and to come; and Mr. Lubbock introduced the fine "Darwinian fact," as it is the fashion to call such illustrations, of an Hymenopterous insect which swims with its wings. With few exceptions, the papers presented were of equal merit to those annually produced, some few being above the average. Of these latter may be reckoned, communications by the Astronomer Royal, "On the Strains in the interior of Beams and Tubular Bridges;" by Prof. Phillips, "On Slaty Cleavage;" by Mr. Glaisher, "On Eight Scientific Balloon Ascents;" and by Dr. Fairbairn, "On Projectiles." Some papers may be noted for the amusement they created; of such we may instance a decyphermat of a Phœnician inscription on a monumental stone in Aberdeenshire, by the late Dr. Mill, which, read by another antiquary, gave a result similar to "Bill Stubbs His Mark," as contrasted with the prodigious display of learning in the paper; a conclusion, however, which some honourable Pickwickian seems to have doubted, as we hear that rubbings of the inscription are to be sent to the most eminent archaeologists of Europe; and a paper, which described a method of arriving at the intellectual capacity of schoolboys by the help of scales and weights.

Notwithstanding our objection to the topics and their treatment, which cropped out so unpleasantly at the Cambridge gathering, we are far from thinking that those symptoms of inherent decay which exist in all institutions have yet manifested themselves in the British Association. We may be inclined to regret that the famous "Red Lion" dinner, rendered classical, as we hoped, by the name of its founder, was given up last year, and was reassembled, in a slight and unsatisfactory manner, the present one; and that proximity to London had little effect in adding greatly to the number of members or associates; but the first omission is explained by the profuse hospitality which has lately prevented the genial outpourings of naturalists from taking place at a fixed time and place; and the second loss may be reasonably explained by considering the time of year fixed by collegiate arrangements for the meetings. Most English families were out of town, and nearly the whole of our foreign friends had returned to their homes.

Next year the Association is to visit a district rich, in many applications of the word, in the variety of its natural productions, and in places of local interest for the excursionists, no less than in the mechanical and manufacturing hives which produce so largely the gold always freely offered by the North to aid philosophical researches. We look forward to a united and prosperous meeting—a gathering worthy of the days which some choose to call brighter than the present ones.

MR. BREESE'S STEREOSCOPIC SLIDES.—All who have ventured the ascent into the garret in which the photographic department of the Exhibition was concealed will have been astonished at a stand of stereoscopes exhibiting some new and wonderful effects of light and shade. If they took the trouble to inquire they learned that the artist by whom this new extension of the photographic art has been accomplished is Mr. BREESE, of Acocks Green, near Birmingham. We have now before us four of those slides, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing them to be the most beautiful works of their kind that have been yet produced. There is first, a moonlight scene, where the effects of that light on sky and sea, and even its peculiar tint, are perfectly preserved. The second is "A Storm," presenting not one light only, but many lights, some streaming from the sky, others reflected from the sea, with the tints of every crag of the huge pile of clouds, and gradually melting from the blackness of the tempest into the distant blaze of moonlight. It is nature herself. Next we have the Slate Rock at Aberystwith, perhaps the most perfect bit of photography in the whole Exhibition, showing not only the strata in marvellous minuteness, but the effect of bright day glinting upon the slimy rocks. The fourth is a group of glass, marvellous in this, that the colour and transparency of the glass are caught so accurately as to be real. How these extraordinary effects are produced is a secret known only to the artist; but they are a new triumph of the art. We know not if Mr. Breeze has a depot in London, where his works can be procured, but doubtless they may be had on application to him by letter at the address stated above, and we recommend all lovers of the stereoscope (and who is not?) to send for the four we have described, and sure we are that when seen they will add to their collection as many more of Mr. Breeze's "effects of light" as he has yet produced.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

Essai sur l'Histoire de l'Humanité. Par MICHAEL ANTONIDES.
Leipsic: Brockhaus. pp. 318.

MAN IS CONTINUALLY DISPOSED to rebel against the spontaneousness of nature—to enslave nature by his pedantries. Yet, armed with her grand necessities, her opulent vitalities, her invincible fervours, Nature pursues her path, alike annihilating the works and mocking the theories and dreams of man. Nature cannot be the slave of the moral purpose which man attributes to her; Nature cannot be judged by man's shallow, audacious understanding; and Nature cannot have made the universe for man's special benefit, as man, in his vanity, insanely believes. Philosophy should be an attempt either to determine man's relations to the infinite or to furnish man with sane and salutary guidance in the domain of the finite. But in modern days philosophy is a proud, a shameless, a monstrous self-idolatry. How far have philosophers departed from the modesty and moderation of the ancient Oriental wisdom, which never pretended to see more than it saw, and which, awed by the mysterious and invisible, bowed its head in silence and adoration. To that ancient Oriental wisdom, no less humble than sublime, we must return if philosophy is to fulfil its fitting vocation, and if man is to take his attitude neither too lofty nor too low in immensity.

The phantasy that man is not a part of nature; that he is not subject to natural conditions; that he is the favourite of Deity, leads to conceptions of Deity the most degrading. The boundless and beautiful principle of life is exiled from the universe and a capricious despot is enthroned. From a faith in this favouritism of the Supreme Being man justifies all his own bigoted sectarianisms and cruel persecutions, for if man is the favourite of the Almighty, it is logical to conclude that certain individuals of the human race must be more especially his favourites. Verily the miracles of astronomy and the revelations of geology, carrying us into abyss after abyss of space, into abyss after abyss of time, should rebuke man into a becoming sense of his own comparative insignificance; should urge him genially and gladly to blend neither a worm nor an archangel with the eternal order, the unbroken harmony, of creation. One of the most recent and daring conceits of the pedants has been to manufacture what they pompously call the philosophy of history. The development of humanity is for them that which it is the cant to name a sensation drama, full of sparkling points and startling effects, full of wonder and thunder. We reject entirely and emphatically the notion that a philosophy of history is possible. That this cosmos of earth corresponds to the cosmos of the universe we have joy in proclaiming. Such a creed fires us with an enthusiasm for which we cannot find adequate words. But that there is a God in history and another God apart from history we denounce as an imposture and a hallucination.

The unknown Russian gentlemen who discourses to us under the title of Michael Antonides, has the ambition to give us a philosophy of history—a delineation and interpretation of God's dealings with mankind. His work is divided into two parts. In the first part some of the principal books on the philosophy of history are analysed; while in the second, Michael Antonides presents his own particular scheme. The author seems to think that the rudiments of a philosophy of history may be found in St. Augustine's "City of God." But of the moderns, Bossuet, is his "Discourse on Universal History," was the first to grapple energetically and comprehensively with the problem of human fate. Then followed Vico, with his principles of a new science concerning the nature of nations, whose most notable successor in the eighteenth century was Herder, in his "Ideas on the Philosophy of the History of Mankind." In a very different direction from Herder marched the French iconoclasts. Voltaire wrote his "Philosophy of History" and his "Essay on the Spirit and Manners of Nations;" and Condorcet, who was rather better than an iconoclast, his "Sketch of a Historical Picture of the Progress of the Human Mind." Diderot and others were the champions of universal illuminism and universal overthrow, and a philosophy of History was for them the record and the appreciation of past overthrow and of past illuminism. Montesquieu, and the great English historians, brought more earnestness as well as more erudition into the subject than the brilliant school of Voltaire. But the French revolution deepened the interest, and the German philosophy widened the range, elevated the aspiring. Fruits of the new thought and the new emotion were Frederick Schlegel's "Philosophy of History," and Hegel's still more memorable book on the same topic. Hofstede, professor at Groningen, published in 1849 Lectures, in Dutch, on "The History of the Education of Mankind by God till the Coming of Christ," in which he attempted to complete an outline of "The Education of the Human Race," by Lessing. Eight years later appeared Bunsen's "God in History; or, the Progress of the Faith in a Moral Order of the World." A little earlier, an elaborate Russian book, without the author's name, came forth with the title, "Wisdom and Goodness of God in the Destinies of the World and of Man."

Now, doubtless the best works on the philosophy of History, in-

cluding that of our friend Michael Antonides, contain many suggestive ideas, many ingenious conjectures, many important statements. But how much, from the nature of the case, must be arbitrary and false! At the outset we meet the appalling fact that progression in one thing always involves retrogression in another. For instance, if the heroic virtues flourish, the humaner virtues decline; and seldom, except by the sacrifice of the former, can the latter divinely reign. In the present age there is a sort of vague and lachrymose sentimentalism which parades itself as the most opulent human love. Even were it this, how fatal would it be to those robust, those Titanic energies, without which a nation cannot be permanently great! The jargon of philanthropy and the babblement about social science are sorry substitutes for valour and for chivalry. Civilisation may be, and often is, only a polite designation for moral degeneracy. The ideal community supposes a complete and harmonious culture of all faculties, of all elements. And man may ultimately realise the ideal community. But hitherto the price for what is excellent has generally been something still more excellent, so that, along with tragical sacrifice, there has been deplorable onesidedness. We are neither optimists nor pessimists, though, if we were compelled to choose, we should associate ourselves with the optimists. At nature we look as she is, and as she longs and strives to be. The fine phrases, the daring speculations, of Hegel and the rest may dazzle but they cannot deceive us. In theory, it may be well to say that history, poetic at first, then heroic, then human, has become since the advent of Christianity, unitive. Neither poetic, nor heroic, nor unitive history is history proper, which must evermore limit itself to the two grand divisions of the national and the biographical. Theoretical cosmopolitanism may be as hollow as practical cosmopolitanism is pernicious; and, whatever may be the benefits of Christianity, it cannot change the essential nature of mankind. What to the Greek or the Roman was the barbarian, that to the Christian is the heathen or the infidel. And no hatreds have ever been more ferocious than the theological hatreds of the Christian. How little of real effect has been the belief in the unity of the human race, the belief that men are brethren—that they have one Almighty Father! Slavery never took such a horrible shape among the ancients as it wears at this hour in North America. And in a land where, more than anywhere else, transcendentalisms about human progress and human perfectibility are current, how wholesale, how dire, how deliberate has been the slaughter of citizens by citizens! What conquests among the ancients can be brought as parallels for perfidy, for cruelty, for avarice, to those by the Spaniards in America? What institution had the ancients so diabolical as the Inquisition? It would not be well to annihilate human passions and human antagonisms, even if they could be annihilated. As a rule, he who loves his household best, loves his country best: he who loves his country best is warmest in his affection, most ungrudging in his helpfulness to the whole human family; whereas the cosmopolitan is a mortal who cares for no one but himself. The pretended philosophy of history recognises existence only so far as it recognises the historical; but how small a part of existence does the historical embrace! And are not likewise the sublimest things those which cannot be delineated or recorded. The planet Neptune, discovered not long ago, takes a hundred and sixty-four years to go round the sun; and it is conjectured that there are planets still remoter from the sun than Neptune. Yet had not Neptune, so recently revealed to the glance of science, been marching for incalculable ages on its stupendous and lustrous journey? Central Africa and Eastern Asia are worlds in themselves. For what myriads and myriads of human beings have Central Africa and Eastern Asia been the theatres. To the pedants, however, who discourse on the philosophy of history, Eastern Asia and Central Africa are as completely nonentities as the planet Neptune was, ere the telescope seized it as majestic it rolled along. The philosophy of history in effect, instead of being magnificently sympathetic and catholic, is frigidly, disdainfully exclusive.

Let us look at the plan and distribution of the concluding part of our author's work. According to him history is severed into two eras—the ancient era and the modern era. These two eras include seven historical cycles, of which the six first, divided into two sections, belong to the ancient era, whilst the new era forms one cycle only. The first section of the ancient era includes three cycles—the cycle of India, the cycle of Babylon, the cycle of Egypt. In the cycle of India there are three phases—Vedism, Brahminism, Buddhism; in the cycle of Babylon, and in that of Egypt, there are no distinct phases. The second section of the ancient era includes three cycles—the cycle of Israel, the cycle of Greece, the cycle of Rome. In the cycle of Israel we encounter three phases—theocracy, sacred royalty, hierocracy; in the cycle of Greece three phases—origin, growth, decay; in the cycle of Rome three phases—Rome a royal city, Rome republican and aristocratic city, Rome monarchical city, and queen of the world. The seventh and concluding cycle includes three grand phases. In the first phase we have the advent of Christianity, extending from the birth of Christ to the fall of the Empire of the West; in the second, and in three periods, the pro-

pagation of Christianity from the Fall of the Western Empire to that of the Eastern empire; in the third, the Renaissance of Christian civilisation,—from the fall of the Eastern empire down to our own day. Now, how narrow and superficial is this scheme! How it overlooks the parts played by such lands as Phœnicia and Arabia! How it forgets the revolutions achieved by successive waves of migration! How it limits the gaze to a handful of prominent nations, and spurns whatsoever has not been treasured for us in books! Take a single fact as demonstrating the folly of such capricious modes of classifying! For centuries after the fall of the Western empire, the colossal phenomenon was not the propagation of Christianity, but the propagation of Mahometanism, which, besides its other notable results, kept Christianity itself from being swamped in merest monkery. Heedless and irreverent, the pedants stand on the graves of buried giants, and deem no dust sacred except that which is found in museums. Contemplate the cycle denominated Babylon on the one hand, and the onrush into Europe of a puissant race—the Celts, the Germans, or the Slavonians—on the other, and you must pronounce the latter to be infinitely the nobler and more impressive reality of the two. In the name of Everlasting Perfection, we war with the dogma of Everlasting Perfectibility. Each thing is perfect in itself, has its own sum of life, its own sphere, its own destiny. To assert the contrary is to accuse Providence of injustice. Greek civilisation corresponds the completest to our vision of the beautiful. Why, however—if Greece did not exist for the sake of Greece, but for the sake of universal humanity, for the sake of all coming generations—were the creations of Grecian art, the productions of Grecian literature, in the main allowed to perish? Why of the numerous dramas of the incomparable Sophocles have only a few survived? If there were not a higher wisdom than human wisdom, the government of the world would, judged by human wisdom, appear supremely chaotic.

It would then seem that Providence took as much trouble to destroy as to create whatsoever is gladdest and grandest. During the period that the Catholic Church of Western Christendom was organising itself, a cry of anguish burst from the terrified heart of the nations. It was thought that the day of judgment was at hand. The despair was as general as the disaster and the disorder. Was the eclipse sent for nothing but some ulterior purpose? Is it not more in consonance with what Nature unfolds to us of herself to believe that eclipses come in human affairs as they come in the movements of the heavenly orbs, as part of a system whose harmonious developments, whether visible or invisible, never cease.

The identification of suprene life and supreme reason is an article of faith to which the true saint and the true sage must alike pertinaciously cling. There are moments when our own sorrows and the woes of the world darken this consoling trust for us all. But it never fails to revive if in every vicissitude we combat with the same courage, labour with the same diligence. But Supreme Reason is instinctive Deity, not that mechanical prescience of which the pedants prate. Human government cannot be the symbol, the representative of Divine government; forasmuch as human government is principally designed to restrain and correct irregularities; whereas for the Divine government, irregularities are mere impossibilities. Man often conceives that he is advancing in enlightenment, that he is drawing nearer to a clear and comprehensive conception of the Deity, when he passes from the anthropomorphism of the savage to the anthropomorphism of the sophist. This is a grievous error. There is some truth in the anthropomorphism of the savage—in the anthropomorphism of the sophist there is none. Man, by the mere fact that he is man, cannot in his ideas of Deity escape from anthropomorphism of some kind. But he will the more thoroughly escape the more he throws aside his own personality. Thereby arises a mystical commune between himself and the Unseen. When it was said by lips which to Christians are the holiest, that God is not the God of the dead but the God of the living, it was in substance asserted that God must ever be sought in the present, and that man is unpardonably presumptuous in striving to reconcile the actual with the bygone manifestations of the Omnipotent. How common in these days is the confession that the ways of God are inscrutable; yet they who make the confession immediately tell you that they are so familiar with those ways as to be able to describe them and to inform you whither they lead. They demand your awe for a mystery, and then they proceed to define the mystery.

The universe being a vital force, not a moral problem, let us leave the moral problem to the sophists, and let us blend with the vital force. What sort of guides we may have in the sophists and the pedants when they preach about the philosophy of history is illustrated in the averments of Hegel, that the East, knowing no other liberty except the liberty of one man only, offers the form of despotism—that Greece and Rome, admitting the liberty of some men, represent the form of democracy and aristocracy—that the Germanic or modern European world, aware that liberty is the privilege of all, develops the third form, that of monarchy. Words false and fatuous! Where in the Germanic world, or in any other region, is liberty the practical heritage of all? On the Continent of Europe we have curious examples of universal liberty. An Oriental despotism is a simple affair, but a Continental despotism is as complicated as it is crushing, and has instruments of torture and tyranny with which an Oriental despotism is obliged to dispense—bureaucracy, censorship,

secret police, espionage, and paid and unpaid lay and clerical Jesuits in countless hosts. We repeat that there cannot be a philosophy of history, because what is known is but the smallest fragment of an immense unknown. Nevertheless, it is but just to admit that the work of Michael Antonides is as thoughtful as its author is benevolent.

ARTICUS.

THE MONTENEGRIN CHRISTIANS.

Herzegovina; or, Omer Pacha and the Rebels. With a Brief Account of Servia, its Social, Political, and Financial Condition. By Lieutenant G. ARBUTHNOT, R.H.A., F.R.G.S. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, and Green. pp. 288.

THE APPEARANCE OF THIS VOLUME at this precise period is peculiarly *à propos*, because the attention of Europe is just now attracted towards the Slavonic provinces of European Turkey, by the disturbances and intrigues of which they are being made the arena. As with the Lebanon and the Holy Places, so with these provinces; under pretence of a right of religious protectorate over all professors of the Greek Church, Russia claims to interfere with the government of all countries in which they may be found. This "right," insolently asserted, was the indirect cause of that war with Turkey which might have been hurtful to her power if it had not been diverted into the Crimean war. The intrigues with which she sought to support that right led to the slaughters in the Lebanon, where the first aggressors were the "Christian" Maronites, and where it was clearly proved that "Christian" bishops had incited the murderers to their task. The Montenegrins now, the lamb-like protégés of Russia, are being held up as models of all that is meek and Christian-like, and deserving of protection from the infidel Turk.

Let us see what Lieutenant Arbuthnot, apparently an independent witness, has to say upon this point. He visited these provinces, animated by a desire to "keep himself *au courant* of the events of the day," as well as "the interest which all must feel in the condition of a country for whom England has sacrificed so much blood and treasure." He had read all that the newspapers had to tell him on the subject, so he went to judge for himself. Disembarking at Gravosa, the port for Ragusa, he proceeded to join Omer Pacha. Scarcely had he set foot in the country when he arrived at the opinion that the war which that general was charged to carry on could not, in any other than a military sense, be called "an offensive war," seeing that his object was, not to overrun territory, nor even to seek a combat with the enemy, but rather to place the country in such a state of defence as would render it secure from the incursions of those brigands who, having thrown off the Turkish rule, have sought a refuge in the fortresses of Montenegro, whence, in conjunction with the lawless bands of that province, they make frays across the frontier, carrying fire and sword in their wake, respecting neither age nor sex—rebels to their sovereign and a disgrace to Christianity."

Lieut. Arbuthnot estimates the population of the Herzegovina at 182,000, which he thus divides: Roman Catholics, 52,000; Greek Church, 70,000; and Mussulmans, 60,000.

Originally these were all of the same stock; and their present divisions, while constituting an element of safety for Turkey, are most prejudicial to the well-being of the country. The Greek faith predominates in the southern and eastern parts of the province. Its adherents are distinguished for their activity and cunning—qualities which have rendered them far wealthier than their brethren of the Catholic communion. The possession of comparative wealth, and the consciousness of the moral support granted them by Russia, has made them presumptuous and overbearing, hating alike all sects and creeds which differ from their own. Their ignorance is only equalled by the fanaticism which often results therefrom; and so bitter is their detestation of the Roman Catholics, that more than one instance has been known of its leading to foul acts of murder. Unoffending peasants have been taken in the revolted districts, and ordered to kneel and make the sign of the cross, to prove the truth of their assertions that they were not Mussulmans. The wretched creatures confidently did so in accordance with the Roman Catholic form, and their lives were unceremoniously forfeited to the bigotry and ferocity of their unrelenting judges. Nor are either tolerance or humanity in any way advocated by the priests, who are generally as illiterate and narrow-minded as their flocks, and whose influence, which is very great, is generally employed for evil. The priesthood are divided into archimandrite, igumens (chiefs of monasteries), monks, and priests, all of whom are natives of the province, where their whole lives have been passed. Of late years, however, many have been sent to receive their education in Russia. Some of these have now returned, but have not given signs of any desire to ameliorate the spiritual condition of the people. The Church has always been governed by a Vladika or Metropolitan, named from Constantinople. Like most other appointments from that capital, this was generally paid for, and its possessor consequently did not hesitate to employ every means in his power to reimburse himself. This, and the fact that he was never a native of the country, rendered him most unpopular; so that while the priests (little as they may deserve it) are regarded with reverence by the people, the Vladika was respected by neither the one nor the other. At present the office is vacant, none having been appointed since the demise of the last who occupied the episcopal chair. That event occurred in the commencement of 1861, and his attempts at extortion were so frequent and undisguised, that his death must have been felt as a great relief by the people. Petitions were sent at that time to Constantinople, praying for the appointment of a Slavish Metropolitan; but, independently of the difficulty of finding any one of sufficient education among the Bosnian clergy, political considerations have induced the Porte to prevent the Patriarch complying with the demand; for, however bad in other respects they may have been, the Metropolitans have always remembered that their allegiance was due to the Patriarch of Constantinople, and not to the schismatic branch of the Greek Church, over which the Czar exercises both temporal and spiritual sway. Were a Slavish Metropolitan appointed, Russian influence would be dangerously augmented, and the task of transferring the allegiance of the people from their proper ecclesiastical head to the Russian Emperor, as has been attempted in Bulgaria, would here become easy of accomplishment.

The religious status and its bearing upon the political condition of the country seems here very clearly explained.

Lieutenant Arbuthnot joined Omer Pacha at Mostar, and saw a great deal of him. The Pacha behaved most kindly to him. Far from accusing the Turks of having acted with undue severity, he gives them credit for having displayed the utmost forbearance, and for having suffered almost infinite provocation before they resolved to proceed to extreme measures. The proclamation which Omer Pacha issued on entering upon his task is, of itself, an earnest of the pacific character of his mission, and a refutation of the accusations of cruelty and oppression which have been so liberally showered upon the Turks. It is based in every way upon the promises promulgated by the Sultan in the Hatti Humayoun of 1855 :

What this proclamation is I let you all know.

His Majesty the Sultan has appointed me the chief of his armies in the Roumelian provinces, and has sent me here to carry out in this mission all the just privileges which have not hitherto been fulfilled. In obedience to the commands of the Sultan, I have come here to show to you how kind and good are the intentions of our sovereign to his subjects, and to announce without distinction to Mussulmans, Greeks, and Catholics together, the following decrees :

1st. Every village has the power to name one or two chiefs as representatives, whom I will acknowledge.

2nd. Every district has the power to name one or two representatives whomsoever the people of the district may choose.

3rd. The Christians shall have full religious liberties, and shall be permitted to build churches and place bells therein, like all the rest of the subjects in the empire.

4th. The Zaptiehs (police) shall not be permitted to locate themselves in your houses, but an appointed place shall be set apart for them in every village.

5th. The arrangement which has been made at Constantinople touching land-owners and the agriculturists, and to which both parties have assented, shall immediately be put into execution.

6th. The taxes shall be collected by your own chiefs, and consigned by them to the officers sent by our Sultan to receive them.

7th. I will further recommend to the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople that a Bishop of your own nation should be nominated, who knows your language and customs.

8th. I will take such measures as shall secure you the right of purchasing landed property.

When this proclamation shall have been promulgated to you and you should still have some further favour to ask at my hands, you may do so in writing, or by word of mouth. All that is possible for your welfare I will endeavour to fulfil.

Furthermore, it is your bounden duty to submit yourselves to your sovereign, and to show humility to him.

From the Divan Marshal, &c. &c. &c. — at Mostar.

When you shall have heard what I have promised, see that every one knows of it, and what is necessary to execute let me know, and it shall be fulfilled.

It was in vain; secretly moved by Russian intrigues and openly supported by French interference, the rebels would not hearken to the voice of law; and what kind of folk these Christian rebels are, let Lieut. Arbuthnot tell us from his own observation :

Travellers are apt to form their opinions upon the evidence of their own senses; and when such is the case, their verdict cannot fail to be favourable to the Moslems; for things seen with one's own eyes will always make a deeper and more lasting impression than the most harrowing details, the scene of which is laid in times gone by.

It may be urged that the want of power has caused this increased humanity; and in part it may be so, for the nature of a people can never undergo a sudden and entire change. But I can myself vouch for the lenity which they displayed when they have had the power, and to wit great provocation, to have acted otherwise. The incontrovertible facts, too, remain that Mussulman Turkey has been the first to relinquish the unchristian custom of decapitating prisoners, and other inhuman practices, which the so-called Christians appear little inclined to renounce. This will, of course, meet with an indignant denial on the part of their supporters; but it must be a strong argument which can overcome the disgust occasioned by the sight of women without ears, children without noses, and bleeding corpses of soldiers literally hewn to pieces with knives, all of which I have witnessed with my own eyes.

In matters which do not immediately concern England, no opinion is probably entitled to so much reliance as that of a Briton, even allowing for a certain tendency, which he often has, to measure all people and things by his own standard; and for this reason, that he is probably free from all political and religious bias, while we know that he cannot be actuated by prejudices resulting from community of origin, which invalidates the testimony of the subjects of so many other European states. However narrow-minded Englishmen may be in their own affairs, they are generally capable of taking a broader and sounder view of those of their neighbours than any other people. I think, therefore, that it speaks strongly in favour of the opinions which I have advanced, that they are shared by all those few Englishmen whose calling has brought them into connection with these countries, or the still smaller number who have gone thither for their own gratification. To the former class, more especially, I can unhesitatingly appeal, to bear me out in the heterodox assertion that the Christians are, as a mass, greater enemies to progress than the Turks.

More remarkable words—and those words of truth—have seldom been written respecting the Turks.

Finding all attempts to pacificate vain, the Turks openly professed their intention to abandon the system of forbearance, and try what coercion would do. That this was the only feasible plan is clear from the account which Lieutenant Arbuthnot himself gives of these precious "Christians." Her dominions being torn by intrigues, it is only by meeting the difficulty boldly and bravely—as she did at Silistria—that Turkey can cope with her enemies. "Let us not," says Lieut. Arbuthnot, "disguise from ourselves the self-evident fact, that the views of Russia remain unaltered, that the policy of Peter is still maintained inviolate, and that, although the last war may have convinced her that actual self-aggrandisement will not be tolerated, she still holds one object ever in view—the destruction of Turkish supremacy on both banks of the Danube, and the substitution of dependent Slavism. . . . The high-handed policy which the Porte is now pur-

suing is the most likely to be attended with beneficial results; for, as experience has shown us, the system of conversion is entirely useless, each addition to their territory only making the Montenegrins the more grasping and more avaricious."

Remembering that the following testimonial in favour of the Turkish troops comes from an English soldier, we cannot surely accuse it of partiality :

Habits of order and obedience, which are only sustained in European armies by the strictest discipline, form part of the national character, and therefore render the minutest details of military economy unnecessary. That they will ever become sufficiently familiarised with their European clothing as to present a smart appearance, is improbable; yet their parade movements are even now performed with considerable accuracy and rapidity in the loose shuffling manner in vogue amongst the French, while of their prowess in the field we have had ample proofs on divers occasions—whether in the European campaign of 1828, when, despite the confusion resulting from the recent destruction of the Janissaries, they beat the Russians at all points; or in Asia during that and the following years, where, if not so successful, they often displayed a heroism unsurpassed in history. Or, coming down to the present time, we have but to recall the noble stand made at Kars and Silistria, which, almost without defences, they held for months against the most determined efforts of Mouravieff and Paskievitch. Singularly enduring, brave, and obedient, they require only good leading to form them into one of the most effective armies of the world.

One more trait of the Christianity of the Montenegrins :

The two whose deaths it was impossible to disallow, as their mangled bodies gave evidence thereof, were foully butchered by these long-suffering Christians. It came about as follows: An officer and three soldiers had remained a little in rear of the column, being footsore with the march. As the rebels came swiftly and quietly along, one of the soldiers, believing them to be a Turkish regiment, made some observation. In a moment he and his comrade were seized, and, while receiving many assurances of safety, were stripped to the skin. The officer and the third soldier instantly concealed themselves behind some of the projecting rocks, within ten yards of the spot, and thus became auditors of the ensuing tragedy. No sooner had the rebels stripped their unfortunate captives, than they fell upon them *en masse*, literally making pincushions of their naked bodies. Throughout that long and painful night did these two men lie hid in jeopardy of their lives, and glad must they have been when they saw the rebels retracing their blood-stained steps on the following morning, and more grateful still when the arrival of the Turkish force enabled them to feel assured of life and liberty.

Lieutenant Arbuthnot subsequently visited Servia, and what he saw there tended entirely to confirm his impressions as to the nature of the intrigues which are agitating the whole of these provinces. The passages in which he sums up his views are so remarkable, as an epitome of what is called "diplomatic influence," that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting it :

Before alluding to the financial or military resources, it will be well to pass in brief review the events of the past few years, of which no chronicle exists. These, if devoid of any special interest, tend considerably to our enlightenment regarding the much vexed question of a south Slavonic kingdom, and at the same time of Russia's prospects of aggrandisement south of the Danube. The neutral attitude preserved by Servia during the war in 1854-55, must have been a grievous disappointment to the Emperor Nicholas. Had she risen consentaneously with the irruption of the Hellenic bands into Thessaly and Epirus, the revolt might have become general, and would have been fraught with consequences most perplexing to the Sultan's allies. This neutrality may be attributed to the position assumed by Austria throughout that struggle, combined with the independence of Russian influence manifested by the then reigning family of Servia. No sooner was peace declared, than Russia applied herself to the task of producing a state of feeling more favourable to herself in the Slavonic provinces. While adhering to her traditional policy of fomenting discord, and exciting petty disturbances with the view of disorganising and impeding the consolidation of Turkey, she redoubled her efforts to promote her own influence by alienating the Greek Christians from their spiritual allegiance to the Archimandrite, and transferring it to the Czar. Nor to attain this end did she scruple to resort to presents, bribes, and even more unworthy means. That her efforts have not met with more signal success than has as yet attended them, is due to the indifference displayed by the people on these subjects.

One measure which was deemed most important was the substitution in Servia of the Obrenovitch family for that of Kara George. This occurred in 1858; and during the lifetime of Milneh, Russian influence was ever in the ascendant. The familiar roughness of tone and manner assumed by that Prince towards his uncultivated people procured for him great weight; while his astute cunning, his hatred of Turkey, and his Russian bias, would have given a most valuable ally to that power, had she procured his restoration before her armies crossed the Pruth. Fortunately no opportunity presented itself for him to promote actively the cause of his imperial master; and the two years which he survived his return to power are marked only by occasional ill-judged and bloodthirsty emements, as prejudicial to his people as they were ineffectual in overthrowing Turkish supremacy.

Although we have almost entirely confined our observations to the political point of view, it must not be supposed that Lieutenant Arbuthnot's book does not possess considerable interest for the general reader, who cares little, if at all, for king, kaiser, or pacha. His accounts of the resources of the country are ample, and are well illustrated by statistics, and his sketches of life and manners are very graphic. Take one of them for a sample :

The family with whom we purposed spending the succeeding days were reputed to be the wealthiest of the Christians in that part of the country. It will perhaps convey a more correct impression of their means, if we say that they were less poverty-stricken than others. A few cows, some half-dozen acres of arable land, and a fair stock of poultry, constituted their claim to being considered millionaires. The household consisted, besides father and mother, of two rather pretty girls, two sons, and their cousin, who cultivated the land and hunted chamois regularly every Sunday. Besides these there were some little boys, whose only occupation appeared to be to bring fire for the pipes of their elders. Our arrival, and the prospect of a by-a-day after the chamois, threw all the men of the party into a state of great excitement. Minute was the inspection of our guns, rifles, and revolvers, the latter receiving much encomium. An old Turk, who had been summoned to take part in the morrow's excursion, eyed one of those for some time, and at length delivered himself of the following sentiment: "They say there is a devil; how can this be so, when men are so much more devilish?" I am afraid the salvation of Sir William Armstrong

Mr. Whitworth, &c. &c., would be uncertain were they to be judged on the same grounds. While waiting for our dinner of fowls made into soup, and baked potatoes, the sons brought a book, which the priest, with more regard for preserving his reputation for learning than veracity, had told them was a bad book. It proved to be a German Encyclopedia. On hearing this one remarked, "Oh, then it will do for cigarettes." While regaling ourselves on wine and grapes, which one of the hospitable creatures had walked twelve miles to procure, we received visits from the male population of the village, who, like all the people of the valley, are much addicted to chamois-hunting. Their conversation, indeed, had reference exclusively to sport, varied by a few feats of skill, hardly coming under the former name. One villager asserted positively that he had seen a man at Livno shoot an egg off another's head. This was instantly capped by another, who affirmed that he had witnessed a similar feat at the same place. His story ran thus: "At the convent of Livno, all the Roman Catholic girls of the district are married. On one occasion a young bride was receiving the congratulations of her friends, when a feather which had been fastened across her head became loosened, and waved around it. A bystander remarked that he would be a good shot who could carry away the feather without injuring the head. The girl upon hearing this looked round and said, 'If you have the courage to fire, I will stand.' Upon which the bystander drew a pistol and shot away the truant feather."

A LADY'S VIEW OF INDIA.

Our Last Years in India. By Mrs. JOHN B. SPEID. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 8vo. pp. 331.

A MODEST PREFACE introduces a work of some interest and of considerable originality. Much of the ground the authoress traverses has been travelled over before; but she sees more than the impress of the hoofs of horses and camels. There are untrodden spaces in the wake of the caravan, which only the quick-sighted traveller takes notice of. We have observed, in general, that ladies who travel are more alert than gentlemen who travel. They have not naturally the same amount of physical endurance; they do not plunge into adventures requiring muscular power and adroitness with weapons; they are not always Ida Pfeiffers, who can ascend the snowy peaks of Chimborazo or Cotopaxi, or venture into the quarters of cannibal Battaks, or submit to be bled by the leeches of the swamps of Sarawak; but for all that they inherit the spirit of adventure without its extravagance, and in their own nimbly-discerning way perceive and gather the rubies which the other sex passes by as common flint stones. The authoress has no need to apologise for the familiarity of her style. Had she walked on the stilts of prose, we could, ungallantly indeed, have wished her to have stumbled and fallen. She is sufficiently ambitious in style, however. Perhaps when she speaks of "entomic activities" her sisters will not understand her, and a "venal funeral" may be, for aught we know, a hearse and six with ostrich feathers, and men in black cloaks, with craped hats and carrying gold-tipped batons to herald the way to the grave.

We pass by such little matters as not greatly marring many interesting pages. And on every page the woman peeps forth. She has much sympathy, indifferent science, but great natural and justifiable curiosity. She feels for those of her sex who are discomforted by a Red Sea voyage, and "A propos of stars, I make it a matter of conscience to break it to you, that you know nothing about them in England; you have there only phantoms of departed stars. Come to India, and you will see the living originals; living and flashing bright fires, like vivified, energised, diamonds; yea, at times, like diamonds in a passion." After this we are disposed to abate a little of our praise about the non-stilted style. But certainly "energised diamonds" and "diamonds in a passion" suggest to humble readers military heels at least; and why should anything about the stars "be matters of conscience?" She tells us that "the heat of this sea (the Red Sea) is generally more or less oppressive, and induces often a peculiar sense of weight in the head." It may be so. She supposes that persons who, from well authenticated accounts, have died suddenly from its effects have been outward-bound passengers, and not debilitated, returning Indians; and that the casualties in question were rather the result of fullness than of exhaustion. May be it was so. "I remember, however, on our last voyage out, a strong young person, the servant of one of the ladies on board, being seized with an apoplectic fit, which was supposed to have been induced by the extreme closeness of the atmosphere." The lady was a woman, we suppose; why should the servant be described as a "young person?" If she was a young woman, why not have said so? Is a page in buttons a "young person?" We infer, from the authoress and certain advertisements in the *Times*, that a lady may be a woman, but that a woman, who may be a servant, is simply a young person. "I have been inquiring," she says, laudably intent on informing her mind, "of one of the ship's officers the supposed greatest depth of the ocean. He tells me that the point is not even approximately ascertained, as soundings exceeding 2000 fathoms cannot be depended on." Then we are informed: "A fathom is six feet; two thousand fathoms, therefore, would be about two miles and a quarter; but a captain of a merchant vessel told me that he should feel no confidence in the accuracy of the test for any depth exceeding one hundred and fifty fathoms," &c. In 1859 the lady had not probably learned of the deeper soundings taken by British and American naval officers. But these are all matters which we readily pass over, and we pass over Alexandria, the bazaar, and the rail, and the Nile, and Tantia Topce, bungalows, and much more. We would rather get into the heart of India and discover some of its secrets hitherto unknown; and certainly, if India has a secret, the authoress was the person to worm it out, time and place granted.

We do not suppose that the Churruckpuja is a secret, but the following makes a good sensation passage:

April 18th.—The horrid Churruckpuja (or turning worship) festival took place to-day, and has cost us two of our best servants. The feast is in honour of Kali, the consort of Siva, the God of Destruction. The wife of one of our housekeepers had long been childless, and insisted on suffering the torture of hook-swinging to-day, in acknowledgment of the fact of her prayers having at last been heard, and of a child having been vouchsafed to her. We remonstrated in vain, and threatened her husband with instant dismissal, should he suffer his modest delicate-looking little wife to take any part in the horrid rites. But his efforts at dissuasion was as unsuccessful as our own. She insisted that, should she fail to perform her vow, her child would be destroyed by the offended goddess. So finding opposition useless, and feeling unwilling, even passively, to countenance so revolting a spectacle, we discharged both her husband and herself; and I afterwards heard, from some European officers, that the poor little thing duly made her appearance as one of the principal performers at the ceremony, and that she bore her sufferings heroically. One of these gentlemen was quite close to her at the time that she was being prepared for the exhibition. Two large hooks, he said, something like those used for weighing meat, were fastened into the lower part of her back; and by these she was suspended from a rod fixed horizontally on a perpendicular pole, which pole was planted, as it were, and fixed into a rough cart or bandy, which was paraded through the crowd. The servants assure me, that the only preparation for this hideous ordeal is the use, during the nine previous days, of a low milk diet. Others, however, assert that a sort of numbness or callousness is induced, in the spot where the hooks are to be inserted, by constant manipulation and by frequently repeated light blows. I do not know how this may be, or whether the means indicated would be likely to produce the effect in question; but at best the pain must be grievous, and one cannot but regret that so much fortitude and heroism should be so misapplied. The town being out of European jurisdiction, no steps could be taken to put a stop to the proceedings.

One of the chief objects of the authoress in writing was, "to furnish information on some subjects of interest from which the general reader has hitherto been repelled, either by their mode of treatment or their combination with matters interesting only to the exact student. This seems especially true of the religions of India, and more particularly of that of the Brahmins, which stripped of its accretions of modern mythology, is a study replete with interest." The latter will readily be granted; but we are compelled to say that the lady has not greatly added to our previous knowledge on the subject. But let her speak, and she is speaking of the Hill Tribes:

It is said that they are not generally idolaters, in the sense of worshippers of images; though the discovery of their sacrificial stones has led to a contrary impression. They—or some of them, for of some of these tribes little appears to be known—acknowledge one Supreme, who is the God of light; hence, perhaps, the custom of placing occasionally before their doors a pillar having figures inscribed thereon of the sun and moon, and of the horse which is an emblem of the former, and which is said to be held in extraordinary veneration. Sacrifices of buffaloes, fowls, and other animals, are offered to this divinity. Many minor gods are worshipped, as a village and a household god; together with a malignant goddess, who is propitiated by human and animal sacrifices. A late writer of some interesting articles which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, on the religions of India, states that the worship of Kali is derived from the hill tribes; or, perhaps, some of the most detestable qualities of the hill goddess have been embroidered on the character of the destroying, or transmuting, goddess of the Hindus—transmuting, inasmuch as Nature knows no destruction, and but liberates the elements of her creations to redistribute them in new forms of being. Kali, in her character of a goddess greedy of blood, certainly could have had no Brahmanical origin, and her presence is a strange anomaly in a faith, one of whose most prominent doctrines was the respect due to every form of animal life. The Kali of the Hindus is, under various names, the consort of Siva the Destroyer—of the Trimurti or Hindu Triad. She is invoked as Bhawani by the Thugs, or Phansigars ("phansi," a noose), when setting out on their plundering and strangling expeditions; and she is worshipped, as has been said, though rather from fear than love, by the hill tribes; not generally, however, I believe, as the wife of Siva, nor always under the name of Kali. The hill goddess of the earth is, like Kali, a fiendish spirit who delights in suffering and death, and who is appeased only by offerings of blood, especially of human blood. Hence the sacrifice to her of human victims, called "Meriahs," in Goomsoor and elsewhere. These Meriahs are kidnapped in the plains. Sometimes villages have been exempted from rent on condition of furnishing them. They are treated with all honour till the hour of their immolation; indeed are considered as in some sort sacred, as being consecrated to the goddess. The murdered body of the victim is divided into many portions, which are distributed among the neighbouring villages, with a view to averting from them her displeasure, and are buried at the foot of pillars erected in honour of the goddess. Offerings are also made to the small-pox goddess—who, however, may be another form of the same malignant divinity—and to demons to whose influence the prevalence of some diseases is ascribed, and by whom the sick are believed to be often possessed, in which cases their dead bodies are left unburied as a propitiatory offering to the evil spirits. Allusions are found in some of the Vedic hymns to this feature of aboriginal worship. In one the protection of Agni (the god of fire) is invoked from "foes who worship demons." The Koolies, Bheels, Ramooses, Gonds, Khonds, Kolis or Khols, are all hill-tribes.

The lady acknowledges her obligations to Mr. Max Müller for much of the above, and the greater part of the information she gives respecting the ancient Vedas:

The favourite weapon of the hill tribes is the bow and arrow, though the Bheels have now added the matchlock to their armoury, and are said to use it with great skill, generally, when circumstances, permit from an ambush. The army of monkeys, who, under their leader Hanuman, assisted the once hero, and now god, Rama, to conquer Southern India and Ceylon, are supposed to have their originals in these small, quick-eyed, nimble mountaineers; and are represented in the sculptures of the Ellora caves as armed, like them, with bows and arrows. A future life is an article of faith among the hill tribes. The doctrine of metempsychosis is also, as with Brahmins, Buddhists, and Sikhs, accepted by them. The good revisit the earth in an improved position; the wicked descend through various degrees of degradation, even down to that of transmutation into vegetables and stones. We have all met some in this stage of transformation, and have doubted whether their return to earth was a benefit to society. The bodies of the dead are not burnt, or cast into rivers, as among the Hindus, but are buried, except in those cases where demons are supposed

to have inflicted the disease which has caused death. A belief in the significance of dreams, of which they have professional interpreters, whom they believed inspired by an evil spirit; and in witchcraft and sorcery, are common among the hill people; and in truth some of these hill—and especially Bheel—wizards seem very uncanny gentlemen indeed. I have been told, by Englishmen wondrous stories of the "curious arts" practised, and even taught by them. One gentleman declared that, under their instructions, he had himself become an adept; and, apparently somewhat indignant at my incredulity, offered to demonstrate the truth of the assertion on the spot. But as he had owned that the fruit of this forbidden tree of knowledge had tasted bitterly to his conscience, and had, in the first instance, caused him much remorse, though, as he explained, "one becomes accustomed to everything," I declined partaking of it; especially as becoming "accustomed," by dint of iteration, to the throes of a burdened conscience, seems a privilege which one would neither desire to share nor to assist another in securing. The power professed was a certain authority over living but inanimate things, as plants and trees, which, it was declared, could be made by invoking the spirits of the earth, air, and water, according to a set formula, and especially by an adjuration in the most sacred name—to bend, and advance themselves towards the person using the incantation.

The Peri's Tank is situate not far from the ruins of a chief city of ancient Sheba—the country of Queen Sheba, some would have it—and

The Peri's Tank quite repaid the ride over stony ground, and a curtailed night's rest. It is very picturesque. A tank, in India, is an artificial lake, or piece of water, usually square, but here oval and with steps entirely surrounding it, like the seats of an amphitheatre, and descending to the water's edge; they are hewn out of large blocks of black basalt, and are so accurately cut that all are closely fitted without the intervention of cement. The surface of the water is almost hidden by the leaves and blossoms of the beautiful white lotus, which, sacred alike with Brahmans and with Buddhists, is, by the practical Chinese portion of the latter sect, eaten (flowers, stalks, and roots) as well as venerated. Our approach disturbed a great flock of wild ducks, which were taking their pleasure among the white blossoms and cool green leaves. Flocks of the elegant white clematis, everywhere abundant on these ghauts, spring from the interstices of the stairs, clinging tenderly to the edges of the hard black stones, and with loving deceit, concealing beneath their own meek graces the too stern precision of their character. I do not know whether Queen Belchiz has the credit of this structure, but if the surrounding ruins—which, by the way, I only recognised as such by special injunction—are not the site of her capital, this particular spot may well be that of the Queen of the Fairies, whose merry perfume-nourished Court may have been peering at us stealthily, with misanthropic eyes, from beneath the lily leaves as we stood, plunging headlong on our too near approach, with ringing silvery laughter, into the depths of the glistening lotus cups, and covering themselves with golden dust as they frolicked among the stamens.

Respecting Hindu oaths and the tree of knowledge:

Some oaths among the Hindus are supposed to be more binding and sacred than others. I remember an instance of an Hindu, who had, with great fluency, been giving evidence transparently false, become suddenly pale and agitated when called upon to confirm it by an oath taken on a cow's tail (!)—a test to which he declined to submit. The cow is sacred, and the cow's tail, apparently, emphatically so, perhaps because the popular god Krishna learned to walk by its help. An oath on water in which purple-stalked basil (sacred to Krishna) has been steeped is also supposed by some sects to be binding. And an oath on the peepul-tree is among the people of Hindustan one of peculiar solemnity. The peepul is a species of Indian fig, bearing a fruit much like that of the banyan. It is supposed to be occasionally tenanted by all the gods. The banyan stands pre-eminent among trees for the ascription of religious importance. The banyan, *par excellence*, sometimes called the bo-tree, is the specially sacred tree of the Buddhists. It was when leaning against a tree of this kind, to rest himself, that Gaudama Budh became first conscious of inspiration; though whence derived—in the system of the atheistic branch of the Buddhists—it is difficult to say. The bo-tree, under another name, makes a figure equally prominent in our religious traditions or speculations, and as the Ficus Religiosa or Ficus Indica, has been the subject of controversy on the point of its alleged identity with the tree of knowledge; on which vexed question Sir Walter Raleigh discourses at considerable length, and with some severity.

The visit of a maniac is thus recorded:

Looking suddenly up from my book just now, as I sat in the verandah, a thrill of horror ran through me at the object I unexpectedly found crouched at my feet. He had stolen up quite noiselessly, a poor frenzy-stricken fellow-creature, an exact embodiment of one's terrible ideal of the demoniac of Scripture—just that look of sustained tension, and blank, horrified dismay. The poor creature made an attempt to speak, but the sounds were inarticulate; and the effort excited terrible convulsions and distortions of limb and feature. I fancy he must be afflicted with madness and chorea combined. He has often come before to beg—the last instinct, I suppose, that would desert a Hindu—but it takes long to accustom oneself to the sight of that mysterious misery, and I never see him without a feeling of awe and horror. He was formerly, I believe, a messenger in a Government office, but was suddenly stricken by his terrible malady, and can work no more. I have heard very rational, unimaginative people confess to a belief in instances of supernatural possession among the natives. The people themselves have an undoubting faith in it. Their remedy is to sacrifice a cock, or some other offering, to appease the demon, who will then—so they affirm—release his victim. A friend was once called to see his horse-keeper, who was stated to have become suddenly possessed. The man was standing quite unconscious, with his head thrown back, staring fixedly upwards, and foaming at the mouth. His friends were bestowing on him a sound beating, to dislodge, as they said, the demon. I suppose the attack was one of catalepsy.

The authoress describes the sculptured caves of Ellora, but they are perhaps better known than those of Ajunta:

February 18th. We resolved to give a whole day to an exploration of the caves, which are about five or six miles distant from the village of Ajunta; and we started at early dawn. Our journey terminated in the midst of a water-course, now nearly dry, and shut in on both banks by precipitous rocks; in one face of which, high up and apparently inaccessible, the excavations appear, occupying a curved line of about five hundred yards. As at Ellora, their exterior is, necessarily, unimposing. They are burrowed out midway in the rock—a position probably incompatible with great impressiveness of effect, as their proportions are dwarfed by the height of the rock above. The first view, at the very short distance which the opposite rocks alone permit, is certainly somewhat mean. The ascent is steep and difficult, much more so than that of Ellora. Some of the caves are barely accessible, so narrow and broken is the

path—which path is none—so steep the fragments of rock to be climbed, and so formidably deep the chasm below. Each cave is hewn out separately in the rock's face; there is no intercommunication; and the anticipated sense of mysterious indefiniteness of space, and labyrinthine intricacy, is therefore wanting. The proportions are taken in at a glance. The series is wholly Buddhist, though an effort has apparently been made by the Brahmans, in the probably unfinished monasteries, to wrest them to the purposes of their own faith. They have taken advantage of unoccupied spaces to introduce many figures wearing the Brahmanical sacred cord, or Zennaar, which, as being a badge of caste, would be inadmissible among Buddhist sculptures. There are figures, too, apparently intended as representatives of Hindu gods, and having the peculiar head-dress—Parthian or Ethiopian, according to Sir William Jones—by which they are distinguished. These, however, may have been introduced by the Buddhists themselves, who do not exclude the Hindu divinities from their temples, though they are generally made to occupy a position subordinate to that of the Budhs. The trident of Siva has, as usual, been profusely ruddled everywhere by the Brahmans, who thus take possession of the temples for their own gods.

Like the Ellora Caves, the series is of graduated age. The dates assigned, inferentially, by Fergusson—for nothing is absolutely known on the point—are from 200 and 100 B.C. to the eighth, ninth, or tenth centuries of our era; beyond which time he conceives no Buddhist excavations to have been made in India. Dr. Wilson, I think, gives an identical commencement, but conceives the latest examples not to reach lower than the fifth and sixth centuries after Christ. The group consists of monasteries, halls of instruction, and no less than four temples; the last, of course, all having relic shrines; some with sculptures, but two with none, in front of the daghopa, an omission indicating superior age; for the earliest Buddhist temples contain no idolatrous objects whatever. The Buddhist caves have always—comparatively with those of the Brahmans—little sculpture; and so it is here, with the exception of one chaitya, which seems, like a monastery at the opposite extremity of the series, somewhat sophisticated by Hindu interpolations. The walls, ceilings, pillars, and capitals, are copiously decorated with paintings, whose colours are often as brilliant as if just applied. Their number, however, is rapidly diminishing, owing to the acquisitive propensities of visitors, and from other causes. The flower groups and arabesques, &c., on the ceilings, pillars, and capitals, are often of exquisite grace and chasteness of design. It is greatly to be regretted that they have not, like the wall paintings, been copied, as they are often of a beauty unsurpassed by the most classical examples; indeed are in some instances identical with them, though this is chiefly true of some of the geometrical patterns, among which I observed that somewhat square form which is sometimes called, rather indefinitely, among tradesmen, the "Greek pattern," and which is so frequently used in the bordering of engraved ornamental glass. Some of the ceilings are adorned with flower groups in white on a scarlet ground, each group being contained in a separate square. The effect is extremely good, and the outline free, graceful, and natural.

When the Bombay and Nagpore railway is completed, it will pass within thirty miles of the Ajunta, and will therefore make the curious old caves accessible to travellers. Now a rat-trap:

Before leaving Ajunta, I must notice some remarkable Broddingnag rat-traps, which excited my wondering attention. They were exactly what ordinary rat-traps would be under the hydro-oxygen microscope, which used to magnify a flea into a megatherium. There was a grim suggestiveness in their cruel great iron teeth and heavy chains; and I learnt that they had been forged with a view to the circumvention of the tigers, by whom the neighbourhood was once infested to a very troublesome extent. One of these even went the length of making its way frequently over the wall into the flower-garden close by the bungalow: a formidable visitor in a country where people are accustomed, in a literal sense, to keep perpetual open house. These giant rat-traps, were, therefore, laid in the usual haunts of the intruders; and one night a mighty burst of animal thunder told the quiet neighbourhood that the tiger's last visit, and its penalty, had at once been paid: and his teeth, strewn about the trap, testified both to its own effectiveness and to the temper of its victim.

These extracts may serve to show of what materials the lady's book is made, and how she has used them. Her style, we say, is not stilted, but ambitious. The book contains much curious information, but ill digested; and yet we have seen many a worse on kindred subjects.

THE IRISH POLICE SYSTEM.

Recollections of an Irish Police Magistrate, and other Reminiscences of the South of Ireland. By HENRY ROBERT ADDISON, formerly of the 2nd Dragoon Guards. London: Ward and Locke. pp. 305.

A WEEK AGO (wrote the Irish correspondent of the *Times* of September the 8th) all the Sligo papers announced the capture of Hayes, the murderer of Mr. Braddell. This announcement was made in the most prominent and distinct manner, and one reporter alleged the authority of a sub-inspector of constabulary for the statement, which has turned out to be without any foundation. The murderer is still at large. But the police are confident that he has not left the country, and that he cannot ultimately escape. They are on his track night and day, and they have driven him back from the mountains of Kilcommon towards his own residence, where his numerous friends have formed a body guard for his protection, and are ever on the alert to prevent his arrest. The constabulary have found the chase very harassing, but they are unwearied in their exertions. A few days ago he was actually seen by two constables in plain clothes. As they approached they were recognised, and the brother-in-law of Hayes made a signal by throwing up his hat in the air. The police were within four hundred yards of the fugitive, but he was immediately surrounded by forty men, who seemed determined to fight in his defence, and they saw that it was vain to attempt the arrest against such odds. A sub-inspector of the Irish police, writing on this very matter to the *Dublin Daily Express*, gives the following account of the transaction: "Capture became impossible, and the constables retired a short distance towards another party of police, also in plain clothes, who were in the vicinity; having met with them, all the constables returned to the place, and found a very large number of the country people still collected, but they could not again see Michael Hayes. A man was seen at some distance on

horseback, who may have been the culprit. The result, however, was that, one of the police having been sent for a reinforcement, a large party of constabulary arrived, and made search in the place and the adjacent country for Hayes, but without success."

We take these excerpts from the current news of the day, as the best possible commentaries upon Mr. Addison's little book, which, although one of the most unpretending of volumes so far as size, typography, and price are concerned, is, we make bold to say, one of the most valuable and suggestive works which this season has produced. It is in fact, an admirable and most practical commentary upon the present state of the Irish police and its deficiencies; and to him that can read it aright it offers the most clear and intelligible explanation of the disgraceful state of things shadowed forth in the above quoted paragraphs.

Let us recall, in a few brief words, the circumstances of the foul murder of which Hayes, the fugitive from justice, stands charged. On the 30th of July last, Mr. Braddell, an agent and rent collector, was seated in an inner room of an hotel in the town of Tipperary. Three persons were in the room with him, one of whom was Michael Hayes, with whom he had some dispute on a matter of money. The next room (through which it was necessary to pass in order to gain the street) was occupied by many persons, among whom were some priests; the steps of the hotel were thronged; the streets were crowded. Michael Hayes drew a pistol and deliberately shot Mr. Braddell dead; after which he left the room, passed through the outer chamber, through the throng at the door, and so through the crowded streets, and *no man stayed him*. Whether through the paralysis of fear, or approbation of the deed, they suffered the perpetrator of as foul a murder as ever disgraced Ireland (and there have been some terrible acts of this sort of late) to go free—and free he remains to this day, more than three months after the act.

To discover the causes which permit a crime like this to go unavenged, we look naturally to the system of police now in vogue in Ireland, and here we find Mr. Addison a valuable guide. His little book is, in one sense, a gallery of biographical sketches, or a series of adventures selected from the eventful career of Thomas Phillips Vokes, Esq., a gentleman whose memory is still green in the county of Limerick and the surrounding country, as having for upwards of thirty years held the post of chief magistrate of police in Limerick. If it were not supported by proofs the most positive and precise, the reader might be excused for treating the story of this undaunted and most efficient magistrate as mythical. It rests, however, upon the clearest evidence, furnished not only by Mr. Addison, who was the companion of many of his adventures and was also his son-in-law, but by the recollection of multitudes of living men, and the contemporaneous evidence of the newspapers of the day. After his death in 1852, the following obituary notice appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. We quote it as affording a brief but reliable summary of Mr. Vokes's career:

In our Obituary of last month we recorded the death of Thomas Phillips Vokes, for upwards of thirty years the chief magistrate of police in Limerick, a post conferred on him for his daring courage and extraordinary exertions in putting down the rebellious attempts which threatened the south of Ireland in 1820 to 1822. Mr. Vokes, at that period a country magistrate residing on his paternal estate, single-handed and unarmed, seized the notorious Captain Rock, the terror of the whole district. During three days and nights he pursued him through the mountain fastnesses of Limerick, and at length having captured him, brought him in, and lodged him in the county jail. He was soon after tried, convicted, and executed. When Munster was paralysed by the murder of Major Goring and others—when magistrates shrank in natural terror, well knowing the fatal consequences of activity—when harassed authorities, worn-out troops, and ill-organised police, held back from a task of no ordinary danger and toil, Thomas Phillips Vokes boldly stepped forward to put down crime, and bring the violators of the law to instant and summary punishment. He claimed descent from the Vauxes, Lords of Gilsland, and in this belief he was borne out by the fact of his grandfather, Sir Richard Vokes, having originally spelt his name Vaux. Three times were the thanks of Government tendered to this officer, accompanied (on two occasions) by substantial pecuniary marks of approval. He was the last surviving magistrate under Peel's Irish Police Act. By his death a pension of 950*l.* a year reverts to Government.

A few specimens of Major Vokes's feats (he was called Major by courtesy and custom, not on account of any military rank), will serve to show of what kind of stuff he was made. On one occasion, a notorious ruffian called Captain Rock, who had rendered himself celebrated for many fearful crimes, was reported to be hiding in the mountains near Limerick. One evening, Vokes overtook his own wife, who was on her way home, and who described in an agony of fear that she and her companion had been stopped by a couple of footpads and robbed of their watches, rings, and purses. The personal appearance of the assailants was described, and Vokes, having immediately made up his mind that one of them was "Captain Rock," got off his horse and set off single-handed, armed only with a horse-pistol, in pursuit. On the second morning after the robbery took place, Vokes landed his man at the Patrick's-well Station-house. The following account of the mode of capture was extracted from him:

It appeared that after an hour's severe running the magistrate came to a cottage where, from certain indications, he found the robbers had partaken of some drink. Convinced of this, he again set out on his arduous pursuit. He came within sight of them, and the lesser peasant, armed with a blunderbuss, turned round and fired, but missed his aim. He then threw away the arm, as it encumbered his flight, and instantly separated from his companion, the latter taking his course towards the mountains. Vokes, on arriving at the spot where they had thus taken opposite directions, took up the blunderbuss and followed Fitzmaurice (for now he was convinced that the robber was no less a personage) towards the hills. It was night, however, before he reached them, and he

well knew there was no chance of overtaking the fellow in the dark; so he fearlessly entered a cottage, where he was hospitably received, and had a comfortable bed of straw afforded to him. Vokes often laughed afterwards at this incident, as he felt fully convinced that he was there sheltered under the impression that he was one of the gang—a belief which his thorough knowledge of Irish strengthened. At daybreak he was again on foot, and ascended the mountain. Here he frequently arrived within a few hundred yards of the man he sought, but each time was disappointed in taking him. He, however, recollected that he had an old and attached follower who had a hut half-way down the mountain. Telling two or three peasants—whom he affected to believe loyal—that he found that the capture was impossible, and that consequently he would return to Limerick—he began to descend as night set in, and, as he had well surmised, Rock was soon apprised of his desistance from further pursuit. Vokes, however, had no intention of thus abandoning his prey. So, after thus publicly retracing his steps for about a mile, he suddenly turned aside, and entered his tenant's cottage, where he was welcomed, and the doors and windows closely barred, lest his presence might be betrayed. At daybreak he again awoke, and was about to resume his chase, when the farmer's son came in and mentioned that he had just passed Fitzmaurice descending towards Adare—indeed, that most notorious character could scarcely be half a mile off at the moment. Vokes did not hesitate, but rushed out, and, being on the higher ground, soon perceived the object of his search. He had turned round, and was now, for some reason or other (known only to himself) reascending the brow of the hill. Vokes, as quick as thought, hid himself behind a projecting rock in the path over which Rock must necessarily pass. In a few minutes more he did so, when, suddenly starting out, the bold Major jumped forth, and before the ruffian could look round, had presented the muzzle of the *unloaded* blunderbuss at his head, commanding him to surrender. The other, believing that the next moment would be his last if he ventured to resist, and being wholly unarmed, at once surrendered, and allowed Vokes to pinion him with his horsewhip, which he still retained, and which, bound strongly and tightly with his pocket handkerchief and another which he had found on the person of the prisoner, completely fettered him. This done, he marched him down to Patrick's-well, taking care to avoid every cottage, every spot, where any of the peasantry were likely to be found, well knowing that they would rescue their captain (as they styled him) if they could. With the blunderbuss—which, being without ammunition, was completely harmless—pointed at him, Vokes marched the boldest brigand that ever infested the south of Ireland nearly three miles, and lodged him in the hands of the police.

Within two months, Fitzmaurice (*alias* Captain Rock) was tried, convicted, and executed in the city of Limerick—a city whose inhabitants had long trembled at the very mention of his name.

It is to be regretted that Ireland has not now any magistrate in command of its police who could deal with Hayes after the same fashion.

This story is, however, only typical of a large number of similar adventures, in all of which Vokes displayed as rare an amount of magisterial perspicacity as of manly courage. On one occasion, a man was being tried for murder, and in the midst of the proceedings some refreshment was handed to him by his wife:

This was going on, when suddenly the voice of Major Vokes rang clearly through the hall. "Sergeant Reedy, stop those loaves. Man alive! What does he want with two loaves? Wouldn't one be enough for him?" The bread that the prisoner's wife was handing to him was instantly pounced upon by the police sergeant. It consisted of two ordinary loaves stuck together, as we often see in baker's shops, and therefore, beyond the fact of the meal being expensive, there was nothing to remark upon. The prisoner, however, started and turned pale. The woman disappeared.

"Sergeant Reedy, bring those loaves here." He did so. "As long as you live, Sergeant, never allow such a folly as this. Surely one would be enough for three of them;" and while thus speaking, the Major broke the loaves in two. "Oh, what is that—something binds them together?" He tears them apart, and out drops a pistol. Every one starts in terror and amazement, except the magistrate himself, who coolly examines the weapon. Then turning to the astonished judge, he coolly remarks, "Loaded up to the muzzle, my lord;" and hands him the pistol. In a moment the high functionary is struck dumb with surprise, then recovering himself, he turns to the prisoner, and sternly asks for an explanation. In a moment the wretch throws himself upon his knees. "Oh, Yarry! Yarry! The Lord be good to us. He has a charmed life, and it's no use fighting agin him. Oh, then, Major, it must have been the devil himself who told you about the arms; for barring Biddy, by the cross of Athlone, there's not a living soul knows about it. Ah, then, it's Heaven or the devil takes care of Tom Vokes. Holy Mary be good to us—he knows all." And the man's face expressed the greatest agony of fear—if not remorse.

The judge pressed for a further explanation.

"Well, then, your honour's glory, it's no use to lie. Bedad he's too much for us boys. I'm guilty, and don't deny it; and it's to Major Vokes I owe my being found out. The corpse of the old woman being discovered and all that—sure I knew from the first I'd be condemned. So I says to Biddy—Biddy, agra—get Tim Haglan's big pistol, and put it in the middle of two loaves, and when I want food hand them to me, and by the holy Michael—great glory to him—at the moment they condemn me, I'll blow Tom Vokes's brains out, for he's the terror of all the county. But oh, my lord, it's no use, he has a charmed life, and it's not steel, or powder and ball will kill him! and sure that's enough; I'll say no more," and the prisoner relapsed into silence.

The criminal population, amazed at the constant exercise of shrewdness like this, and continually baffled in their attempts upon the life of their great enemy, came at last to attribute to him supernatural powers. On one occasion, he discovered that a notorious criminal had had *silver bullets* cast to murder him with; but he not only discovered the plot, but seized the bullets and the man who had cast them with the mould in his pocket. On one occasion a certain Pat Conolly, whom he had offended by his activity as a magistrate, had sworn to kill him in the streets of Limerick. Vokes's manner of dealing with the difficulty was characteristic:

"Come this way, Harry," said he, taking my arm; "I want to meet some one in the Pig Market."

"Your expectant friend must be a *bore*," I replied.

Vokes laughed heartily at my poor attempt at wit, and we lounged up to the top of William-street, where the unsavory market was then held.

To describe the scene is quite impossible. It would baffle the admitted powers of a Lever or a Carter Hall to do so. Suffice it to say, the place was redolent with the fumes of the very worst tobacco, smoked in the *dudeens* of women as well as men, commingled with the strong and certainly not pleasing per-

fume arising from our porcine friends, together with the piercing cries of the pigs, which were almost drowned by shouts in a language wholly unintelligible to me.

Major Vokes was in unusually high spirits. He asked the price of some of the animals before him. He chatted with one or two young men about some potatoes he had purchased. He had a joke for more than one pretty *colleen*, and sent away the only policeman present on some trivial errand.

All this was very fine; but why he should walk up and down in such a place I could not make out, and, though I asked him the reason, he refused to satisfy me.

Presently he stopped, and called to a tall, fine-looking young man, who appeared to have nothing to do, since he had scarcely moved from the spot where I first saw him standing as we entered the market.

"Pat Conolly," said the Major, "why don't you kill me?"

"Is it me, yer honour?" demanded the other, turning rather pale. "Is it me would injure yer honour! Faix, then, I don't understand ye."

"Don't you? Did you not swear at the shebeen house, near Patrick's Well, last Tuesday night, to shoot me to-day as I passed through the Pig Market? Now, my fine fellow, why don't you do it?"

"Oh, then, sure yer honour's glory they've been telling you a lie. Is it me would do it? Wasn't it last winter you gave the wife a sack of potatoes?"

"You had, perhaps, forgotten that circumstance when you came here this morning to destroy me?"

"Oh, thin! your honour is joking."

"Am I!"

"Sure, thin, I'll swear by the holy—" and he raised his hand to his breast.

Major Vokes, to my surprise, gave him a sharp cut across the arm, which at once brought it down in agony, and stepping up to him, he thrust his hand into the man's waistcoat, and drew forth an old pistol loaded up to the muzzle. The man fell on his knees, and began whining.

"Get out of that, you cowardly hound! I know you, and shall have my eye upon you; and when you return to-night to Cabirconlish, you may tell Tim Ryan if he attempts to fire into my windows, he shall be hanged, as sure as I'm Tom Vokes. Be off!" and he spurned him with his foot. The fellow rose, and ran away like a frightened hare.

"But do you not mean to punish him?" asked I.

"Oh, no. That would do little good. The effect of his tale, told to-night amongst a lawless society, will strike the whole party with more terror than if the fellow were hanged."

The true story of the "Colleen Bawn" is told here with all its details. It was Vokes who apprehended the original *Hurdress Cregan* with his own hand, and he was the means of recovering from America and handing over to justice the accomplice Sullivan, the *Danny Mann* of the play. The circumstances of this tragedy in real life are described with admirable dramatic force by Mr. Addison, whose graphic way of telling his stories is not the most insignificant among the merits of this book. Indulging his readers with a pleasant mixture of jest and earnest, some of the tales belong rather to the comic than the tragic category. Take, for instance, the story of the "Irish Elopement." We have already alluded to the fact that the magistrate was called "Major" Vokes. This, upon one occasion, was the means of causing an English gentleman to make a very awkward mistake. This gentleman had got into a dispute with one of the "natives" on account of a young lady whose personal beauty was only equalled by the charms of the good fortune which she possessed. A duel was spoken of, but the Englishman had no friend in the neighbourhood to whom he could apply to act as his second. Happening, however, to hear of a Major Vokes being in the neighbourhood, he resolved to rely upon the frankness of a soldier and trust himself to his generosity. The result scarcely answered his expectations:

"Major, as a stranger—I really want words to apologise—but the urgency of the case must plead for me. Will you second me?"

"I really do not understand you!"

"Simply, then, 'tis this—I am abrupt that I may make my communication before Sullivan returns—I have agreed to fight a duel at day-break."

"And you wish to tell me this?"

"Yes, Major, in the hope of inducing you to become my second."

"Your second!—ha! ha! ha; a capital joke. I understand!"

Now, for the very life of me, I could not see why the Major should be so very merry. I am sure I did not feel so. He surely could not have misunderstood me. So I chimed in—

"You understand me?"

"Oh, perfectly! I'll be off now; but I shall be sure to be there—at day-break, I think you said?"

"I did."

"But I forgot the place and name of your antagonist. You must tell me both, as I must be in time."

"My antagonist is Captain O'Haggarty."

"Oh! no wonder you are frightened; he's the best shot in Ireland."

"I'm not frightened Major; but under the peculiar circumstances—"

"I understand," replied Vokes; and again he burst out laughing. "Where is the rendezvous?"

"The eighth milestone on the Limerick road."

"That's right." He then took out a small pocket-book and noted down all the particulars. Again he smiled, and rose, saying, "We shall be sure to be there," and left the room.

That Vokes took notes did not surprise me. Many men with bad memories invariably do so. That his coming responsibility should induce him to leave his grog, I could understand, though it vexed me. But that he should not seek to know the cause of quarrel, or any particulars of the affair, I confess astonished me; while the words, "We will be there," puzzled me. But, perhaps, as an old hand, he intended to bring a surgeon, or—as is often the case in Ireland—a friend to see the fun.

I passed three long hours with Tim. I borrowed his pistols, but gave him no hint of my projected *recontre*. I drank little; but chatted away till four o'clock, when Sullivan proposed to retire. We did so. In half an hour more I had slipped out, and was already on my way to the Limerick road.

Although daylight had scarcely fully lighted up the heavens, yet O'Haggarty and a fierce-looking friend awaited my coming with bloodthirsty impatience. I confess I felt somewhat small in thus approaching him, unaccompanied by a second.

"Where is your friend, sir? I thought you understood the rules of these affairs."

"And so I do; he'll be here directly."

"May I ask who acts on your side," demanded the fierce-looking man.

"Major Vokes," said I.

"What! is that your game?" shouted he.

"Coward! poltroon!" roared the captain.

At that moment Vokes galloped up, accompanied by four mounted policemen, and away bolted the man with the red whiskers.

"I arrest you both! Take their arms from them, Sergeant Hennessy," said the Major. "Gentlemen, you must accompany me."

"Infamous traitor!" roared O'Haggarty, frowning at me and shaking his fist. "Dirty coward!—whew!" and he gave a contemptuous whistle.

"Come along, gentlemen; you must instantly accompany me to Sir Phelim O'Dowd, who, as the nearest magistrate, will, on my information, bind you both over to keep the peace."

Having given the reader a fair idea of Mr. Vokes and his career, we shall now proceed to point out how a lesson may be drawn from both, bearing upon the present state of the police in Ireland. The whole secret of the inefficiency, which is but too significantly proved by the impunity which Mr. Braddell's murderer is enjoying, lies, we verily believe, in this, that the Irish Government, by turning the police into soldiers, have destroyed their efficiency in the former capacity as the takers of thieves and of murderers. Weighed down with a heavy rifle, and a sword by his side, how can a policeman run after a criminal who to his natural light-heeled qualifications adds the advantage of being quite unincumbered? Buttoned up tight in a green uniform and with a shiny helmet or glazed cap upon his head, how can he help being recognised miles off wherever he goes. Mr. Addison, in a note to one of the stories, narrates an interview which actually took place between himself and one of the military-police parties in pursuit of Hayes:

Sauntering across a field in the county of Limerick, some two months ago, I met a small party of policemen, headed by an old sergeant whom I had known in the good old times. With a respect by no means general in Ireland now, he stopped his men and saluted me, and in a few minutes began to converse with me. This was what I desired, as I was anxious to hear some account of the present force from one of themselves. "How is it you have not caught Walsh?" asked I.

"Faith, then, I've done my best; but he's too much for me."

"And why?"

"Sure, how can I get hold of him, cut off as we are from the people?"

"Cut off? What do you mean?"

"Aint we placed in barracks away from all information? Aint we dressed up in soldiers' clothes, and taught the manual and platoon, instead of looking after criminals, as we did in the Major's time? Aint we ordered in the printed regulations to mingle and become intimate with the farmers and the peasantry, and sure how can we do that, when we are always forced to go about in full uniform, armed to the teeth? It's well we'd be looking, mixing with the people at a fair or a pattern. The Lord be good to me! our very presence would spoil the fun, and no one would spake except in whispers before us. It would be grand sport to see us dancing with one of the *colyeens*."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear this. But how do you employ your time?"

"Oh, then, we've enough to do. We go about patrolling in parties, and walking about the streets with a constable's staff in our hands. We carry out the census and emigration reports: we are writing three or four hours a day; and now it is said we are to inspect the weights and measures. Such are the duties we *now* perform, and thus occupy the time we formerly devoted to the detection of crime."

"But I suppose, Sergeant, you could still catch a runaway? I remember how famed you were, many years ago, for your running."

"Faith, I couldn't overtake a lame donkey now."

"Are your limbs, then, worn out?"

"Far from it; I never was better or more active. But a racer could not run with a ton weight on his back."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this: feel the weight of the new rifles we are forced to carry about now. Sure, they are only good for show: they are so heavy and so long, we can take no aim, unless we find a rest; and they are so difficult to load that a thief or murderer might easily get away while a man was reloading his piece. I must confess that we all like the old Brown Bess better."

"Then I suppose you'd prefer *running* after a man?"

"Sure, how could I? I would be blamed if I threw my rifle away. But its weight would entirely spoil my pace. Besides, ain't I buckled up, with a military shako on my head, and a weight of ball-cartridge dangling before me? Sure, how could I jump with a long sword-bayonet dangling behind my leg? Faith, you know, I believe we look well; but I shouldn't say we are of much use."

I confess the picture staggered me; the truth was practically illustrated by the party before me. Add to this a review of the whole system, which has changed men who ought to be efficient policemen and detectives into grim, stiff soldiers, and the officers commanding them into officers of the army; the resident magistrates selected rather from Government influence than for deeds of daring and intelligence, and, alas! we find the prophecy of Major Vokes painfully fulfilled.

The story to which this note serves for a comment is so admirably illustrative of the moral to be derived from the book, that we cannot do better than close these observations by quoting it. Sir C. D. (*quere*, Sir Charles Doyle) having been sent to inspect Mr. Vokes's men, the following scene took place:

Paraded on the strand, we found some sixty policemen on foot and about thirty on horseback; some rode with long stirrups, some with short. Several of the carbines, or muskets, which the infantry men carried, had evidently not been cleaned that morning. Some of their coats seemed dusty, and their general appearance (taking them as soldiers) was decidedly slovenly and ill set up. As an adjutant of cavalry myself, I felt strongly inclined to take them in hand; but I said nothing, and waited patiently for about ten minutes, when General Sir C. D. rode up, and having shaken hands with Vokes, proceeded to inspect the men.

Sir C. D. was one of the best-tempered men in the British service; but his looks, I must confess, bespoke no satisfaction as he rode down the line, followed by a brilliant staff of officers and orderlies, who contrasted strangely with Voke's policemen. Having taken a hasty glance at these men, he withdrew to a short distance, and beckoned us to speak to him.

"My dear Major," said the General, "your men are far from looking well—they are positively unsoldier-like!"

"My dear General, it's just as they should be; mine is a civil, not a military force."

"But as you knew I was about to inspect them you might have made them brush themselves up a little. Look at their arms, their belts, their boots!"

"By no means. I was ordered to parade them before you, and I do so with great pleasure. But allow me to tell you, my dear Sir Charles, that the appearance of some of the very men you blame is delightful in my sight. Those men with soiled muskets were engaged in a severe affair all night, and brought in two important prisoners; those two men without belts have used them to pinion a celebrated housebreaker, who awaits my examination at the police-office; those men with dirty boots crossed three miles of dangerous bog this morning in pursuit of a notorious offender. In truth, General, I may tell you that a policeman who really does his duty has but little time for dressing himself up. The 'rough and ready boys' are the boys I like, though I fear the time will come when military appearance will supersede acute intelligence, and a well-dressed constable be preferred to a sharp thief-taker. I foresee it all; I regret it. But I have no right to complain, since I have the undivided obedience of one hundred men of my own appointment, and so long as I have the peace of Limerick shall be maintained, and those who disturb it be instantly arrested and punished."

"Upon my word, Vokes, I believe you are right; but as I'm sent to inspect your men, what am I to do?"

"Whatever you like."

"What shall I report?"

"Anything you think will seem good on paper. You are at full liberty to state your views candidly, and I hope you will do so. But hence an inch I'll stir from the path I've made up my mind to follow."

"Upon my honour, I scarcely, as I said before, know what to do?"

"Then I'll tell you. Come along and lunch with me, and before we part I think I'll make you a convert to my opinions respecting the efficiency of the police force you have just looked over."

To these sensible views Sir C. D. (so Mr. Addison relates) became more than half a convert. Let us hope that Sir Robert Peel will deign to cast his eye over this unpretending but most suggestive little book, and become a perfect one.

FRANCE OF TO-DAY.

La nouvelle Babylone. Letters d'un Provincial en Tournee à Paris.
Par EUGÈNE PELLETAN. 80. Paris. 1862. pp. 364.

THE NAME OF THE AUTHOR is not new to those who have a knowledge of modern French literature. He made his *début* some quarter of a century ago in the *Revue de France*, has written in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and other less known periodicals. His work, "Profession de foi du XIX^e Siècle," which passed through two editions, according to M. Michael Chevalier, "est une date philosophique." He has written many other works to which it is needless to refer. We proceed at once to some illustrations of the present.

He begins with a confession of faith; and we have to bear in mind that he was brought up as a Protestant, that while a law-student in Paris he embraced with great ardour the St. Simonian doctrines, which have exercised a great influence on his life and talent. "I am a notary, Sir, or rather I was a notary," he begins, "I have always professed thy religion and mine, and have always loved tranquillity in the street, which does not prevent me from always loving liberty, the first passion of my youth. In fine, I believe in God with all my heart, without ever wishing to enter into the quarrel of the Catholic God and the Protestant God. I invite now and then a neighbouring pastor to dinner, and I am ready to make a party at piquet with my curé." He is now in Paris, after an absence of thirty years, to spend two or three months; but he finds that city wonderfully changed externally. "Est-ce bien Paris?" he asks himself. "I know not whether it is the influence of the air or age, but in going along the eternal Rue de Rivoli I felt all at once a fit of sadness arise within me. I said to myself: What have I come here for? Do you know what they said to me, to justify the pulling down one half of Paris? They said that the invention of steam had made it the inn of Europe."

What a terrible satire this will be found on the "New Babylon;" what a terrible exposition of its shams, and the hollowness of its inner life! France, he says, loves palaces in profusion, and builds them without knowing what uses to put them to:

They have built a palace at the Louvre and lodge in it antiquity; another in Rue de Bourgogne, and there they lodge the *corps législatif*; another at the Bourse, and there they lodge stock-broking; another at the Tuileries, and there they lodge the Court; another at the Hôtel-de-Ville, and there they lodge M. Haussmann; another at the Luxembourg, and there they lodge the Senate. Besides all the palaces, Paris bears into the sky its innumerable cupolas: one cupola at the Panthéon to arbitrate the candidature of dust to immortality; one cupola at the Sorbonne, to cover words; another at the Invalides to cover wounds; another at the Val de Grace, to cover maladies; another at the Institut, to cover compliments.

The invasions of the edileship have long proved a serious annoyance to the old-fashioned Parisians, and to the steady-going, conservative citizens who have an abhorrence of change. They have had their abode in the same house for a generation, they have furnished their rooms to their liking, they have gathered their household gods around them. Every chair and table and picture on the wall, every nail and hat-peg is familiar to them, and how truly they are affected by the acts of the edileship, those who have had any experience of Paris can testify:

One has lived in this apartment, that is, has poured into it a part of one's self. One has loved there, cradled his infant there, brought up his family there. The religion of the hearth has made this apartment for you a sort of sanctuary; you hold to each of these stones by a remembrance or an affection, and in your hours of solitude, your head bending over the embers, it seems to you that each of these stones in its turn interpellates you with a low voice and relates to you the intimate romance of your existence. While you listen to this delicious confidence of the past, at the same hour, down there in a room of the Hôtel-de-

Ville, a man is studying, with a scowl on his brow, a map of Paris, and from time to time pricks it with a black pin, like the general of an army meditating a strategic operation. A new boulevard is passing through the fecund imagination of the edility of Paris, incarnate in the person of M. le Préfet. Your house must fall. To-morrow morning, on awaking, a printed note politely begs you to pack up your baggage. Adieu then to all that was about you, to this little world of your creation impregnated with your thought: it will soon be only rubbish and carted away to fill up some hole.

It is not only the destruction of a fond sentiment which the modern improvements in Paris have occasioned. Ask the poor, and the working classes, and the humble tradesman, and could they freely answer they could tell a sad tale.

Rents have doubled and sometimes tripled in the space of ten years. Now, in 1840, the revenue of the houses of Paris was estimated at 100 millions; this revenue exceeds at present the sum of 200 millions. That is, in reality, an impost of 100 millions, which the population of rent-payers have to acquit each year for the metamorphoses in the streets.

The wrath of the author waxes high as he continues his investigation of the causes and consequences of the demolition of ancient Paris. He makes a friend, a student, who has been obliged to leave the Latin quarter, praise the good sense of the English who build only for a life-time, and to burst out angrily: "Is there any prudence in rebuilding Paris with lime and sand, hewn stones and iron, when to-morrow, perhaps an unknown chemist, now leaning over his furnace, bellows in hand, is about to find out some new system of lighting or heating by electricity, neither more nor less wonderful than the telegraph, and destined to upset the interior economy of every household. I am vexed with your patience. Why have you put your finger on the wound? Let us leave the present and speak of the past." The bitterness of the socialist on this subject is unbounded.

A chapter is devoted to the consideration of modern luxury. He views it in the good acceptance, as an instinct of nature, as at once the beautiful added to the useful, art and its point of departure—as an integral part of humanity, contributing more or less to the work of civilisation, and rendering a service to society; but he demands, is that a reason for placing it upon the altar?

Do we live only to go on incessantly in search of a plate more for dinner or a pearl more for the brow of some Cleopatra of the Vaudeville? Dress, good God, should it be all our ambition, and riches all our destiny? In creating man in his image, and in descending into him by intelligence, has the Creator put human life at such a base price, that it can render an account of itself in eating a *Pâté de Périgord*, or in caroling on a horse of pure blood? I protest. He will say who shall please or believe without saying it, man made only like the peacock, to parade and dazzle; the eternal moral of the world will believe and say always, on the contrary, man created to act and think.

And he draws the following picture:

See you that young woman, beautiful, seated, or pressed down, rather, in her easy chair, her head in her hand, like the petrified statue of grief. A tear flows silently down her cheek, and the convulsive palpitation of the inward sigh heaves and sinks the diamonds upon her breast, as the wave breaks on its surface the reflection of the star. Why weeps she thus in the pallor and affliction of Hecuba? Has death taken away her infant, or has an earthquake of the Bourse swallowed up her fortune? No: her husband has just refused her a dress from Froment-Meurice's; and in this moment of humiliation for the betrayed glory of her next *soirée*, she thinks of some other woman of her acquaintance happy enough to throw away ten thousand francs on a head-dress. She suffers more cruelly, in every fibre of her body, and she sighs more profoundly than the gipsy at the post, condemned to tie around her body a faded rag of silk. She will have this dress, however; she has said it, she has sworn it; she has it, in fact. Only who has paid for it?

The vanity and extravagance of the male sex is not less severely commented on:

In winter he must visit, be visited, received and dispersed from *soirée* to *soirée*, to the four corners of Paris; be monopolised, in a word, by balls, concerts, the Bouffes; at most, he will be able to read a realist romance to brace his nerves, shaken by music, and to come in aid of the dullness of sleep. Then, at the first song of the nightingale, he must run into the country, go to Switzerland, emigrate to Italy, return to Aix, to Plombières, to Cautelets, Biarritz, Royan, Trouville, and in this summer carnival, called sea-bathing, sport majestically on the beach some new invention in costume—the glaring capuche of the valley of Ossau, or the red shirt of Garibaldi.

A fearful picture—one, we believe, not overdrawn, and as a text true almost to the letter—is given of a needy marquis, who, for convenience, espoused the daughter of a wealthy miller. The lady liked her title of marchioness; the marquis liked to draw the interest of the shares he had with her in gas-works and the omnibus company. To his lady he was bound to pay quarterly a certain sum in the name of pin-money. The lady was extravagant, and the pin-money did not go far in dresses. Three times in one day she presents herself to her husband in a new and different dress. The fourth time on that day she appeared in a fourth dress. This time her winning ways have no effect upon him. He is silent, and mutters to himself, "Have I married four wives, then?" He pays her secret expenses to the dress-maker for three terms; but, at the end of the year, the latter presents herself to the Marquis, with an extra bill for sixty thousand francs for unforeseen expenses of the toilette. The Marquis is about to turn the dressmaker out of doors, but, thinking better of the matter, he pays this bill too. One item in the account made him shudder—a parasol at three hundred francs—as if a parasol at this price could have ever existed under the sun. The debt once paid, the marquis, without recrimination but with firmness, begged his wife to be pleased in future to keep within the limit of her credit. The wife made a sweet conjugal scene; threw her arms round the neck of her husband, and sobbed: "It was all to please thee." But again a bill was presented to the marquis by the dressmaker, and this time for a hundred thousand francs. He refused point blank to pay the sum.

He was summoned for the debt. The judge decided in his favour. But there was no longer any domestic happiness. The lady pouted, or was silent, or pleaded illness as an excuse for not accompanying her lord in public. At last, suddenly, under the pretext that her physician had recommended to her exercise, she quitted her hotel for a part of the day. Now, one night when she came home, her cheek radiant, she went into her bedroom and cast a look of triumph in her mirror, threw off her burnous as if to give air to her breast. "At last I am avenged," said she. What did she understand by that? It was never well known, but they spoke at the time of a sword wound which a husband had received in the Meudon wood.

There are chapters on stock-jobbing, table-turning, and iniquities of various kinds rife enough beneath the roofs and in the gay salons of Paris. Literature and the drama have their share of criticism and censure; but it is a certain literature and a certain drama, and, we may add, certain engravings and illustrated works, where the talent of the artist gives greater zest to an impure conception.

We trust that not many of our readers will be offended with M. Pelletan when we mention that he has not a word to say in favour of tobacco. Alcohol, he says, is provocative to tobacco, by reason of sympathy. The one completes the other, as the uniform finishes off the conscript. And he tells an anecdote.

The monsoon, in the sixteenth century, cast upon the coast of Manila a ship mounted by monkeys of a singular species. These monkeys, dressed like men, bore so far also the imitation of the human figure, as to make an illusion at the first moment. But they ate fire from a stick, and rejected the smoke, by a nasal protuberance of frightful length. These animals were the Spaniards, just come from America, where they had learned the art of smoking. The inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago, habituated to the moderate nose of the Malay race, could not behold without a secret horror the copious aquiline of the Castilian type. The long nose carried it over the short nose, thanks to the assistance of the arquebuss. The conquering race reduced the conquered race to servitude. Know you how? In brutalising them with the cigar. France for a long time resisted the invasion of tobacco; the Regent caused it to be distributed gratuitously to the people, to give them a taste of it beforehand, and to inspire in them the need of it. Then tobacco brought in to the revenue some hundreds of millions of francs.

Nor is he tender with snuff-takers. Snuffing in France began in the eighteenth century:

It was a habit that well suited this sophisticated society of hermaphrodite seigneurs, small abbés, giddy-headed duchesses, handsome prattling fops always baited with a smile. The thumb with the pinch applied to the nose turned it up more and more, gave him an air of defiance, and the snuff itself, in powdering the mucous membrane, seemed to excite the wit, and out came the joke. God knows what joke! But the eighteenth century saw nothing but love, and from time to time the epigram to break the monotony. Snuff taken incessantly into the nasal organ finished at last by extinguishing the sense of smelling, or, as Fourier said, the sense of love. When a Tagale loves a woman, he knows by the aroma floating around her, by the old ambrosian cloud of Venus, whether this woman pays him or not in return. The eighteenth century did not look so close to that. It loved the flower without catching the perfume; what did it matter? It had its nose corked, and the nostril leaked a juice the colour of a dunghill. Now, whoever loses the delicacy of an organ loses all at once a virtue. See the blind or dumb man. The eighteenth century once dull-nosed, took a mad fancy for high game, putrefaction on a silver plate. For the same reason it sought the tainted woman and the gallantry of the street-kennel. The Du Barry reigned everywhere, from high to low of the aristocracy. It was necessary to plunge this infected society into the wash-tub of the Revolution to cleanse it of its debauchery. . . . Tobacco has killed the kias, says Michelet; it has done more, it has closed the drawing-room.

This same Michelet says that the poetry of the smoking-room leads to polygamy; and this sentiment is accepted by the author as an introduction to a chapter on marriages in France. Certainly he does not paint the moral features of his countrymen in flattering colours. Drink leads to smoking, smoking to inconstancy, inconstancy to crime. Behold the natural sequence—in France at least.

It would be absurd and grievously wrong to say that there are no love matches in France, and honourable marriages and beds undefiled; but many know well how often the *mariage de convenance* is the rule in high life and low life. In small communes a marriage is often negotiated in this way:—Mons. X. has a son; Mons. Y. has a daughter. They are small farmers or tradesmen, cronies, moreover, who meet occasionally at the wine-shop. Over a *chopine* they open their hearts to each other, and compare notes. Says X. to Y., "I have a son and you have a daughter. I can give my son so much if he marries your daughter; let us come to terms; we are old acquaintances. How much can you give with your daughter?" The proposal is straightforward enough. Well, they *marchander* one night, two nights, it may be for a month, and have consumed in the course of the negotiation as much wine and tobacco as would have purchased each of them a pair of new blouses and sabots to boot. The bargain at last is made, and two young people are brought together and married, who probably may have never seen each other before the day of the ceremony which was to make them contented or wretched. In high quarters a more refined diplomacy is used, but the principle is the same. That separations and divorces should be the daily consequences is not to be wondered at.

M. Pelletan has several anecdotes respecting such ill-assorted marriages bearing every mark of authenticity. One begins: "A worn-out bachelor learned of the existence of a marriageable girl; he got information about her dower, her hopes . . . Hopes, a charming word to express the death of her father and mother." Mercenary love would be too mild a term to apply to this case.

One chapter commences: "Disunion in marriage conducts the husband *à la femme de rechange*, I mean to the Lorette. There are not two Lorettes in Paris, there is only one—" *Omnis Thai Thaid*

olet" Woe to him who loves her Woe to him who has deceived her." A case in point:

A Lorette said one day to a young man, who had the courage to love her seriously: "Can you draw a sword?" "Passably well." "Enough to kill the Marquis Cisterne?" "Why should I fight with him; I don't know him?" "Thou shalt fight him; if not, adieu." Some time after, two hackney carriages, about daybreak, mounted towards the Arc de Triomphe. They slid on silently over the ground covered with snow; they reached stealthily the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne. Two men descended, escorted each by two friends, and chose a distant crossway. They passed at first their foils circumspectly; each seemed to study the play of his adversary, and sought a secret passage across the moving circle of the sword. But in a moment the arm of one, until then half bent upon his chest, parted with the lightning-speed of a projectile. The Marquis de Cisterne raised his hand to his heart, and uttered a stifled cry. He tottered and took a step backwards, and sank with all his weight upon the breast of his second. With a dimmed eye he regards his vanquisher: "I have never seen thee before, wherefore hast thou killed me?" "Because that woman wished me." What I relate is not an imaginary anecdote. Of nine duels of the present day, there are eight for a Lorette, and certainly she will enter, somehow or other into the ninth.

Much more, had we space, we could quote from this work, moral in its tone, liberal in its spirit, astonishing in its revelations of the demoralised state of modern French society. We have far from exhausted the contents of the volume; but we can sincerely commend it to the attention of the reader for its purity of style, force of diction, and biting satire; and that he may have an idea how a man true to his convictions can fearlessly lash folly and vent his indignation on sin.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, where they are; what they are; and what they may become. A Sketch of their History, Topography, Climate, Resources, Capabilities, and Advantages, especially as Colonies for Settlement. By ALEXANDER RATTRAY, M.D., Edinburgh, R.N. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1862. pp. 182.

Travels in British Columbia, with the Narrative of a Yacht Voyage round Vancouver's Island. By Capt. C. E. BARRETT-LENNARD. 1 vol. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1862. pp. 307.

A FEW WEEKS ago we noticed in these columns an account of British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, written by a Mr. Macdonald, in which these colonies were depicted in the darkest hues. The voyager whose ill-luck might conduct him to these distant regions was threatened with a Siberian climate, an absence of most things needed by civilised man, and the probability of falling a prey to savage beasts, and still more savage men. Let the future colonist, reiterated Mr. Macdonald, turn his attention to Australia, to New Zealand, to Canada, to the Cape, to any and every portion of the globe, save those barren and ice-bound tracts yelet British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, to puff up which greedy speculators and venal journalists have entered into such an unholy league. No doubt, continued this monitor, gold has been found, and in considerable quantities; but, after all, the amount discovered has been greatly exaggerated; the prizes are few and far between, and really much less valuable than they have been represented to be, when it is considered that at the gold-fields coarse provisions are often sold for nearly half their weight in silver, and clothes, medicines, &c., can hardly be had at any price. Mr. Macdonald laid on his black colours with a heavy hand, and averred that he himself had had bitter experience of the so-styled terrestrial paradise, as he had drugged out life there for a weary term of years.

Dr. Rattray, on the other side, in painting the picture of British Columbia and the neighbouring island, has tinged his brush with roseate hues. He, too, has his "facts" to bring forward, having resided nearly two years in the regions which he describes in these pages and having "associated during that period with the most practical and best-informed men around him." We can only say that if the doctor's account be the true one, British Columbia and Vancouver's island are the *beata arva* to which all persons desirous of departing to any of the British colonies should migrate. The miner and agriculturalist will find all that their hearts can desire in British Columbia, while Vancouver's Island, or at least its capital, promises to be a new Carthage for commerce.

Nor has Dr. Rattray contented himself with stringing together a prospectus made up of empty assertions. We have a number of apparently very carefully compiled meteorological tables, &c., from which it is shown that the climate of the regions so bitterly assailed by Mr. Macdonald "is good, much superior to that of Canada, and equal, perhaps superior, to that of the south of England; that its salubrity is equally marked, and probably surpasses that of England and the majority of England's colonies; and is not only favourable for health, but well adapted for agricultural and pastoral purposes, as evinced by the quantity and superior quality of their animal and vegetable productions, and also admirably adapted by its temperature for many manufacturing processes—e.g., brewing, soap and candle making, &c.—which could not be so readily carried on either in a warmer climate or in a colder one."

Dr. Rattray thinks, and justly thinks, that the chief requisite for a colony is a healthy and agreeable climate. But climate is far from being the only inducement which he holds out to British colonists to emigrate to British Columbia and Vancouver's Island. "The soil of both," he tells his readers, "is highly fertile, and much of it superior to that of England, while the crops are fair both in quantity and

quality." Vancouver's Island, he admits, cannot, in consequence of the hilly nature of its land and its scanty soil, compare with British Columbia as an *agricultural and pastoral* colony, but its prospects as a commercial, are almost unparalleled. It has splendid harbours and a very favourable geographical position. It is of all British colonies, the one best adapted for securing an extensive commerce with the teeming empire of China. "When Western North America" prophesies the doctor, "becomes as populous as the Eastern States now are, when Polynesia becomes civilised, and China, Japan, and Eastern Asia generally, are fully opened up, Vancouver's Island, as the principal commercial and manufacturing colony of the Pacific, will probably assume an importance and position second to none of the British colonies, and to be compared only with countries like England." This "when" is apparently not very close at hand, if we are to wait for the civilisation of Polynesia, and the chance of the vast Western States of North America becoming populous.

Captain Barrett-Lennard's volume is not written in the same guide-book style as that which we have been noticing; and, though the Captain speaks promisingly of the prospects of emigrants of a certain class, that is, miners, labourers, and artisans, and above all, capitalists, he has not allowed himself, *à la* Doctor Rattray, to paint a terrestrial Elysium on the shores of the Pacific. The Captain is clearly an intelligent and careful observer; and the two years which he spent on the Pacific coast of the North American Continent, either in his own yacht or in making excursions into the interior, entitle his testimony to great respect. Of British Columbia he says:

In the interior of British Columbia are vast tracts of great fertility, capable of conversion into the finest agricultural and pastoral lands. The supply of the mining districts, and the different towns and settlements in their vicinity, with fresh meat and vegetable, will, no doubt, for the present, engage the attention of the stock-keepers and agriculturist, and prove a lucrative speculation; we hope it may ultimately be the means of introducing farming on an extensive scale into this country. I would strongly recommend any who have the means of doing so, and are inclined to turn their attention to this branch of industry, to take stock into the interior, where the rearing of cattle, sheep, and pigs, cannot fail amply to indemnify them for their trouble and outlay. With regard to the last-mentioned animals, it may be observed that the Chinese—of which race there are so many to be found in the gold districts—scarcely ever eat any other kind of meat than pork. There are extensive open districts in the interior of the finest grazing land imaginable, capable of supporting innumerable herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, lying contiguous to the recently constructed high roads and inland water communication, to which I have already drawn the reader's attention. The mules and pack-horses traversing these districts find amply sufficient grazing wherever they are turned out, so as to be entirely independent of any other kind of provender.

The climate is remarkably healthy and bracing, and the air pure. As we advance into the interior, we shall find the cold, during winter, increase in intensity; at the same time the climate is less moist, and less subject to sudden and frequent changes than on the coast. This being the case, it will naturally be inferred that, with a corresponding excellence of soil, any of the ordinary household vegetables grown in England may also be raised here. That this is the actual fact I can testify from personal experience, having eaten turnips, carrots, potatoes, greens, and other vegetables in British Columbia of a size and quality that would entitle them to admiration anywhere. Of its suitability for the production of our English cereal crops, I cannot speak so positively, as but very small quantities of grain have as yet been raised here; at the same time I think that we are fully justified, from its known qualities of soil and climate, in assuming that abundant and excellent crops of every species of British cereal will eventually be grown in British Columbia.

The Captain gives a graphic account of the perils which his little vessel—only twenty tons burden encountered in the stormy seas and channels about Vancouver's Island, at one time dragging her anchors and being almost blown out to sea, at another encountering a "tide-rip," or sticking helplessly on a huge bed of kelp. The bulk and mass of this formidable submarine plant is so great that ships of forty or fifty tons, sailing with a fair breeze, are sometimes suddenly "brought-up dead," in a nautical phrase, when they come in contact with it, and woe betide the hapless swimmer whose legs get entangled in the meshes of this natural net. Little will his strength and skill avail him then.

Captain Barrett-Lennard gives a very odd account of a ceremony called the "Kluquolla," apparently a species of Indian revivalism, save that the neophyte who has gone through the exceedingly nasty ordeal necessary to make him a "Kluquolla" is ever after accounted sacred. Captain Barrett-Lennard writes:

The aspirant to this privilege and honour has to submit to a very severe preparatory ordeal. He is removed from his own dwelling by a party of those who are already Kluquollas, and led to a hut set apart for his special use. The first ceremony consists in cutting the arteries under the tongue, and allowing the blood to flow over his body, the face being, meanwhile, covered with a mask. After this an opiate is administered, which induces a state of unconsciousness, in which he is allowed to remain two days. At the end of this time he is plunged, or rather thrown headlong, into the water to arouse him. As soon as he is fully awakened, he rushes on shore, and, as a rule, seizes the first dog he perceives with his teeth, tears, lacerates, and even devours a portion of it, at least so I have been credibly informed. I can only speak from personal observation as to some portions of the singular ceremonies in practice on these occasions, as the Indians are very jealous of any interference on the part of a white man. He also bites any of his fellows whom he may meet with. It is said that they who are already Kluquollas esteem it rather an honour to be thus bitten. He is now seized, bound with ropes, and led like a captive, by the party in charge of him, three times a day round the village during a period of seven days, a rattle producing a dreadful noise being constantly agitated before him. At this time he bites and stabs indiscriminately every one he comes across, and as he certainly would not spare a white man if he happened to meet him in the camp, I took good care to keep both my own person and that of a favourite little dog out of his reach. At night he is bound to a tree, and is supposed during the whole of this period to eat nothing whatever. I shrewdly suspect, however, that he is provided with food by the women during the night. At the end of the

eight day, being in a thoroughly weak and exhausted state, food and stimulants are administered, and he is gradually restored to his normal condition, when he affects great contrition for his former excesses, and, after passing a couple of days in a state of tearful repentance, he is from that time forward a free and accepted Kluquolla.

Some idea may be formed of the vast bulk of the trees in this part of the world from a fact which the author records, viz., that a person laid a wager that he would cut down a single selected fir tree in three weeks, and ignominiously failed in his task after the most strenuous labour. We are glad to find that the Captain urgently impresses upon colonists the necessity of keeping the strictest faith with the Indians. He says:

I would strongly impress on all colonists to observe strict veracity and perfect good faith in all their dealings with Indians, who are accustomed to look upon the word of a white man as a bond. The credit of the entire community would therefore be imperilled by anything like dishonest practices. As a proof of the implicit confidence placed by Indians inhabiting the more remote districts in the white man, we may mention that they are always willing to accept his promise in writing to pay for any commodities they may have furnished him with.

The dishonest tricks of Yankee speculators have, we believe, considerably weakened the faith which the Indian used to place on "the white man's" bond; nevertheless it is satisfactory to know that many of these wandering tribes make a distinction between "King George's men," as they style British colonists and immigrants from the States.

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

Jefferson and the American Democracy. By C. DE WITT. London: Longmans. 1862. pp. xxviii.-448.

THIS "HISTORICAL STUDY," as the author terms it, he is undoubtedly right in supposing to be not without interest in the present state of affairs. It is not, he tells us, and as is evident from the fact that it had already appeared in a different form, got up for the occasion: for that reason it is the more welcome. Hastily prepared dishes run a risk of being improperly cooked, and induce a fit of indigestion. M. de Witt has done his work with a will, and his translator, so far as one may judge who has not read the original, has performed his duties with no less will, and in a manner no less satisfactory. That translator is Mr. Church, a gentleman who, though American born, has "preferred from" his "boyhood freer England to free America, and" his "right of being a British subject to that of being an American citizen." Mr. Church was born in the North, and one would have fancied that his sympathies in the present unhappy conflict would have been with his brethren, but one would be mistaken. Just as Mr. Church preferred another to his native country, so he prefers the hostile section in the South to his own peculiar people. Yet we cannot accuse him of being influenced by personal motives, for he says, "I have been informed lately, on high American authority, that claims which, in common with many in the North, I had on the United States, and which, after an infamous delay, twice acknowledged by Congress have been as often vetoed, were thus disposed of by Presidents influenced and directed by the antipathy of the South to the North." We cannot, therefore, feel surprised that a gentleman who has systematically displayed perverse tendencies should have a "deep conviction that the terrible responsibility and guilt of this great convulsion, which has defeated a noble experiment of the highest value to the interests of humanity, rest on the head of the North." We can perfectly understand that Mr. Church would be in favour of him who tossed upon the principle of "Heads I win, tails you lose;" for that was pretty much the idea of the South. Elect a President favourable to us, said they, and we are perfectly willing to remain in the Union; elect Douglas or Breckenridge, and we will not secede: if the voice of the people speak in our favour, then "Vox populi, vox Dei;" but if there be any disposition evinced to exorcise the Black Demon (no matter at what remote period) that is within us, "Vox populi, vox nihili!"—we will renounce all connection with the government that has hitherto pampered us; we will enlarge the possessions of our demon; we will re-open his trade with Africa; we will sweep and garnish his house, and take unto him, to keep him company, seven other devils worse than himself. Jefferson himself said, if North and South should think proper to part, let them shake hands, and separate in peace; but we doubt whether he would have consented—Southern though he was—that the minority, with arms procured by treachery, in their hands, should be allowed to pull down with impunity the glorious stars and stripes, and wrest their independence by the strong hand from the unprepared, unwilling majority. Mr. Jefferson Davis is said to have spoken to the effect that "God would judge betwixt him and the North." If we may, without presumption, form a conjecture, we are horribly afraid it will be a day of heavy reckoning for the speaker. But our business is with M. de Witt. We repeat that he has done good service. In the whole range of American men of mark there is, we think, none who is more truly American than Thomas Jefferson. He shows, more prominently than any one else whom we can think of, all the good and all the bad characteristics of the genuine American. And he may well be said to have inaugurated that second, or (as some have it) that third, revolution which resulted in the complete triumph of the sovereignty of the people. In fact, his rival Alexander Hamilton says of him, "he is too much in earnest in his democracy." That remark, according to the interpreter, may

appear laudatory or condemnatory; but for our own part, we are not sure that a man can be too earnest in what he believes right; it is your Laodicean that makes one sick.

We have said that Jefferson was a true type of an American; if he lacked any American gifts they were eloquence and physical courage. He appears never to have made a speech that deserves the name, and not only never to have gained a battle, but to have had a very great opinion of the importance of his personal safety. And yet this last charge seems to be founded principally upon the fact that he preferred to elude rather than fight single-handed or be captured by a troop of Tarleton's horse. But his frivolity mingled with devotion; his free-thinking allied to Scripture-quoting; his enthusiasm coupled with wariness that strongly reminds one of cunning; his constitutional optimism; his coquetting with literature without apparently any solid learning; his impetuosity counterbalanced by self-interest; his taste for ferocity in the press till that ferocity is directed against himself; his scepticism combined with credulity; his thoughtless gallantry and yet strong affection; his generosity tinged with meanness; his scruples about slavery modified by timidity as an Abolitionist; his penetrating intellect and puerile theories; his strength and his weakness; his boastful love of country and his deep-rooted hatred of England stamp the *protégé* of Fauchet, the suitor of Belinda, the admirer of Ossian, the propounder of the nineteen years' theory of "white-washing," the framer of the Declaration of Independence, the Governor of Virginia, the founder of the obscure university there, the minister at Paris, the Secretary of State of Washington, the Vice-President of John Adams, and lastly the third and twice-elected President of the United States, the archetype of to-day's American. And this hater of England, be it known to you, lovers of the South, was a Southerner; but we fancy his hatred was of English government, not of English people. He was, as we have said, the prophet of democracy, and that was, no doubt, the reason of his hatred. But your present Southerners are aristocrats, and that perhaps accounts for the good feeling, which has its existence only—so far as we can understand—in what ought to be the brains of certain manderers, whereby the South are actuated towards Englishmen. Of this good feeling let General Harney, of San Juan celebrity (if we recollect rightly) be the exponent. However, would that there were now a Jefferson, who might peradventure stand, like Aaron, between the living and the dead, and stop this plague of kindred-slaughter! Seventy-two years ago dismemberment threatened the United States, but Thomas Jefferson stood in the breach, gave a hand impartially to North and South, and once more united them with the kiss of peace. Now we fear even a Jefferson would be helpless; for it is many weary months since the strife began, many bloody months since the water was let out. Let him who would know the causes that gave rise to the threatened disruptions—for the infant republic was more than once threatened—read M. de Witt's volume. We rather think he will come to the conclusion that, if it was not slavery absolutely, yet slavery was a powerful ingredient in the quarrel. Yet there are men still who deny that slavery is at the same time the corner-stone of the self-styled Confederate States, and the cause of the ruin—for a time, at any rate—of what might have been the grandest country on which the daily sun could shine. We have heard much of fighting for an idea, and we have heard an emperor commended for so doing—that idea was but two small provinces, and provinces, moreover, received in pay. And yet men refuse their meed of approbation to a war waged for a pure idea (and, some one will sneer, "a very foolish idea"): nothing less than to preserve intact the most gorgeous fabric of Federalism that eye ever beheld—a fifteenth part of the habitable globe peaceably governed by the voice of the majority. This is no "war for empire," as was sophistically said; it is a war for an idea, a war to preserve the institutions of ancestors, a war to keep uninjured the work of dead patriots, a war to maintain the democracy of Thomas Jefferson, a war to bring back to their allegiance the rebellious children of George Washington.

M. de Witt's work is not only a study of Jefferson, but also of democracy, on which the author looks evidently with no kindly eye. He does not agree with Jefferson that the governed are always good, and the rulers always bad. Nor, perhaps, would we ourselves go so far as the enthusiastic Jefferson; still we may remark that it was many centuries ago that the wise man uttered, *οἱ πολλοὶ κακοί*. Are *οἱ πολλοὶ* still *κακοί*? Have eighteen hundred and sixty-two years of His teaching, who bade us call none Master but One, only come to this, that *οἱ πολλοὶ* are now as they were in the days of the Seven Sages? Have education, and preaching, and midnight meetings, and tea and cake, and mechanics' institutes, and working men's colleges, simply taken us back several hundred years? And if *οἱ πολλοὶ* are still *κακοί*, pray whose fault is that? Let those who are set in high places answer, and let those who love salutations in the market-place help them. For our own part, we think that the time should have come when *οἱ πολλοὶ* should be no longer *κακοί*, and when harm should not arise from the sovereignty of the people.

In conclusion, we should observe that M. de Witt has added several most interesting appendices, containing a short biographical sketch of Alexander Hamilton—between whom and Thomas Jefferson Washington held the scales with the serene superiority of Zeus—and French diplomatic correspondence on American affairs. Nor should we omit to mention that he has given a list of all the works to which he has been indebted for assistance in his "study."

BISHOP COLENZO'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined. By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENZO, D.D., Bishop of Natal. London: Longman and Co. 1862. pp. 160.

IT CAN HARDLY BE DOUBTED that this volume will provoke much and, we fear, very acrimonious discussion as to its merits or demerits. That a bishop of the English Church—even though a colonial one—should depart from that selfishly safe policy which is embodied in the motto "*Quieta non movere*" will unfortunately perplex and disgust not a few persons. Some there will be, who, safe in the immensity of their credulity, will, as they have ever done, conscientiously refuse to change an early creed which may have taught them that black is white, or white is black. Others will, perhaps, assume a conscience which they have not, and perorate against him who cannot let well alone. Others, again, and we hope they will be many, will sympathise (whether they agree or not with the doctrine promulgated) with a bishop who, having certain doubts, is honest enough not to cloke them, even though at the possible cost of his bishopric. "For myself," says Bishop Colenso, "if I cannot find the means of doing away with my present difficulties, I see not how I can retain my Episcopal office, in the discharge of which I must require from others a solemn declaration, that they 'unfeignedly believe all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament,' which, with the evidence now before me, it is impossible wholly to believe in." This sentence was, we may remark, written before the recent decision of the Court of Arches, which Dr. Colenso appears to think may materially affect the above conclusion as far as the necessity of belief in the verbal inspiration of the Old Testament is concerned.

Most of our readers are probably aware that in acuteness and subtlety of intellect the Kafirs probably excel all other savage races. Every Kafir almost is a natural logician, and such that he can occasionally manage to puzzle even Englishmen who are not unhandy with their major and minor premises. In the larger towns of the Cape Colony, the courts of law are constantly frequented by dusky spectators, who appear to take an intense delight in listening to the cross-examination of witnesses, and some of whose number, when cross-examined themselves, have at times been found more than a match for ingenious colonial barristers. One may readily fancy how easily an ordinary missionary, who holds the stereotyped doctrine of the verbal inspiration of the Bible, is likely to be overthrown in argument by these special pleaders of nature. Dr. Colenso, too, taught by experience, tells his readers how he has often been "compelled to discuss all the minutest details with intelligent natives, whose mode of life and habits, and even the nature of their country, so nearly correspond to those of the ancient Israelites, that the very same scenes are brought continually, as it were, before our eyes, and vividly realised in a practical point of view, in a way in which an English student would scarcely think of looking at them." Dr. Colenso says—and his words deserve notice—

The difficulties, which have been usually brought forward in England, as affecting the historical character of the Pentateuch, are those which concern the Creation, the Fall, and the Deluge; and many, who feel these difficulties very strongly, are able to get over them, by supposing the first two to embody some kind of allegorical teaching, and the last to be a report of some dread catastrophe, handed down in the form of a legend from hoar antiquity, without questioning at all the general historical truth of the story of the Exodus, upon which all important consequences depend. Hence such minds are little impressed by discussions mooted upon these points, and, indeed, are rather irritated by having these questions brought before them at all, when, as they think, they can be fairly disposed of.

Thus it is that English books, upon the historical credibility of the Mosaic narrative, are at present very few, and still fewer those, which treat the subject with the reverence due to a question, which involves the dearest hopes, and fondest beliefs, of so many; while others again, as the essays in "Aids to Faith," and "Replies to Essays and Reviews," which are written in defence of the ordinary view, while professing a desire for candid and free, though reverential, examination of the subject, yet pass by entirely the main points of difficulty, as if they were wholly unknown to the writers.

Dr. Colenso makes the following appeal to the laity of England:

There can be no doubt, however, that a very wide-spread distrust does exist among the intelligent laity in England, as to the soundness of the ordinary view of Scripture Inspiration. But such distrust is generally grounded on one or two objections, felt strongly, perhaps, but yet imperfectly apprehended, not on a devout and careful study of the whole question, with deliberate consideration of all that can be said on both sides of it. Hence it is rather secretly felt, than openly expressed; though it is sufficiently exhibited to the eye of a reflecting man in many outward signs of the times, and in none more painfully than in the fact, which has been lamented by more than one of the English bench of Bishops, and which every Colonial Bishop must still more sorrowfully confess, that the great body of the more intelligent students of our Universities no longer come forward to devote themselves to the service of the Church, but are drafted off into other professions. How can it be otherwise, when in an age like the present,—which has been well described as one "remarkable for fearlessness, and it may be hoped, for sincerity, in the pursuit of truth" (Rev. Preb. Cook, "Aids to Faith," p. 133)—the very condition of a young man's entering the ministry of the Church of England is, that he surrender henceforth all freedom of thought, or, at least, of utterance, upon the great questions which the age is rife in, and solemnly bind himself for life to "believe unfeignedly in all the Canonical Scriptures; while he probably knows enough already of geology, at all events, if not of the results of critical enquiry, to feel that he cannot honestly profess to believe in them implicitly? The Church of England must fall to the ground by its own internal weakness,—by losing its hold upon the growing intelligence of all classes,—unless some remedy be very soon applied to this state of things. It is a miserable policy, which now prevails, unworthy of the Truth itself, and one which cannot long be maintained, to "keep things quiet."

In another of our columns will be found some notice of the fact that, with few exceptions, the most intellectual young men of our Universities are, now-a-days, becoming more and more averse from taking Holy Orders. Doubtless the throwing open so many posts to competitive examinations has something to do with this circumstance; but the weak but Jesuitical special pleading which is so often brought forward to reconcile the conscientious scruples of young would-be clerics to the doctrine of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, as well as to not a few portions of the Prayer-book, frightens many of them away from a profession which they are well calculated to adorn, and which might readily include them among its members, were but a wise and liberal revision of the mere excrescences of the Christian belief to be brought about.

As to Dr. Colenso's book itself, we confess we do not trace much that is original in it. He seems rather to have taken, or at all events to have hit upon, the same points which have already proved stumbling-blocks to many acute minds. He has marshalled these, however, very fairly and logically, and we do not hesitate to say that an unflinching honesty of purpose appears in almost every page of his work. We may add that we altogether agree with the Bishop of Natal that, supposing all the points set forth in this volume be proved to the satisfaction of the author and his readers, they do not, either individually or collectively, affect one single vital point of Christianity. That its writer will meet with much vituperation we have little doubt; but we earnestly ask those persons who reverence the truth, to examine the book for themselves, and not accept at second-hand the criticisms of persons who, from prejudice or other cause, will be pretty sure to put a gloss upon some of the Bishop's statements which they will not easily bear. As for the jubilee which professed infidel writers will possibly make over this volume, we confess we feel the profoundest contempt. To be forewarned against their malice is in some measure to be forearmed. If we may draw our conclusions from the criticisms they passed upon "Essays and Reviews," these writers, or some of them, will, by adding a little here and taking away a good deal there, put doctrines into Bishop Colenso's mouth which he would be the first indignantly to reject. We suppose these persons have their reward. Their aim appears to be, under the cloak of praising the honesty and liberality of the author reviewed, to so blacken and taint his religious character that he perforce may be obliged to come over to their own camp. No one who has carefully studied the various criticisms which appeared on "Essays and Reviews" in the columns of some of the organs of professed free-thinkers will think we speak too harshly. The infinite malice and dishonesty of a few of these critics were the more dangerous, that in some cases they were united to very considerable literary ability. The rancour of the hottest bigot is after all a lovable trait in comparison with the cold, calculating malice which, by a hint here, a gloss there, and a downright lie thrown in occasionally, makes, or attempts to make, a writer answerable for doctrines which he detests.

Of his possible future writings the Bishop of Natal says:

I have here confined my enquiries chiefly to the Pentateuch and book of Joshua, though, in so doing, I have found myself compelled to take more or less into consideration the other books of the Old Testament also. Should God in His Providence call me to the work, I shall not shrink from the duty of examining on behalf of others into the question, in what way the interpretation of the New Testament is affected by the unhistorical character of the Pentateuch. Of course, for the satisfaction of my own mind, and in the discharge of my duties to those more immediately dependent on me, I cannot avoid doing so, if health and strength are granted me, as soon as I have completed the present work, and ascertained that the ground is sure on which I here take my stand. For the present, I have desired to follow the leading of the Truth itself, and not to distract my attention, or incur the temptation of falsifying the conclusions, to which the argument would honestly lead me, by taking account *à priori* of the consequences; and I would gladly leave to other hands the work of conducting the above enquiry at greater length for the general reader.

Romance of the Gold and Silver Lock, and other Poems. By the Hon. CATHERINE HARRIET MAYNARD. (Kerby & Son. pp. 96.)—In a very frank prefatory note, the Hon. Catherine Maynard makes this curious admission as to her poems: "If the reader is only half as much wearied as I was in the writing, I wish him well through them." Really we do not see that there is very much cause for such an unusual amount of self-depreciation. That Miss Maynard's poems do not belong to the very highest rank, we will admit; but we deny that they are not very pretty, and they are not vastly superior to the great majority of what is called "album poetry." Some verses written after reading "Lord Shaftesbury's speech in the House of Lords"—(it is a strange source of inspiration)—are pretty enough. They begin thus:

'Gainst nature's laws, those tiny hands
Compelled to labour weary hours!
Their work should be the joyous one
Of plucking myriad radiant flowers.

Those rosy, rounded, dimpled cheeks
Grow pale and wane 'neath the bright lamp!
Their lamp should be the bright sunlight;
The cowslip-field their golden camp.

The Common-sense of the Water Cure: a popular Description of Life and Treatment in a Hydropathic Establishment. By Captain J. H. LUKIS. (Robert Hardwicke. pp. 228.)—Capt. Lukis may be a bit of an enthusiast, but we feel sure that he is a very sincere and a very honest one. He speaks well of the water-cure because he has experienced benefit from it; so he has at least the plea of gratitude to excuse his zeal. His book is pleasantly written, with just that spice of exaggeration which enthusiasm renders unavoidable. It is however, very readable, and we have little doubt that it will induce many a dyspeptic reader to try a system of which we have heard nothing but good.

"LES MISERABLES" IN ENGLISH DRESS.

Les Misérables. By VICTOR HUGO. Authorised English Translation (Copyright). London: Hurst and Blackett. 3 vols. pp. 1207.

IN THE PREFACE to this "authorized" translation of M. Victor Hugo's great work, Mr. Lascelles Wrexall, the translator, frankly declares that "no other merit is claimed than the most scrupulous fidelity." *C'est beaucoup.* He admits having made two omissions. "In the first case I have left out two or three pages, because the French is a bolder language than the English, and I could not find the proper equivalents in which to convey Cambronne's extraordinary reply, and the conclusions which Victor Hugo draws from it; in the second instance, I was led by purely religious considerations to omit a few pages referring to the monastic system. . . . With these two very slight omissions the work is perfect." Again we say, *c'est beaucoup.*

Now we intend less a condemnation of this particular translator and his translation of this noble book than of the whole system of translating patronized by the publishers of this country, when we say that this is nothing better than a parody of Victor Hugo's work; that it is not distinguished by anything like scrupulous fidelity; and that, instead of being perfect, it is characterised by all the sins of a bad translation, and but few of the virtues of a good one. It is not Mr. Wrexall's fault that he has failed, for he has attempted to accomplish a gigantic task under circumstances which rendered it impossible of achievement. Mr. Wrexall's fault is, that he has attempted to do what was simply impossible to any man. We will suppose him to be possessed of all the qualities necessary for a first-rate translator; intimate knowledge, not only of the grammatical construction of both languages, but of their inner mechanism; the capability of appreciating both the meaning and style of the author, and of rendering it into English which shall have the flavour of the original; above all, that insight into the author's mind which would enable him to penetrate to the very core of his idea, and to present it to the English reader in the form, or as near thereto as may be, which that author would have given it *had he written originally in English.* Even with all these qualifications, it would have been simply impossible, under the circumstances, for Mr. Wrexall to have executed his task in a manner either creditable to himself or just towards his author.

We know very well that such qualities as these are rarely to be met with in translators, and that the number of translations extant which prove the full possession of them is exceeding few. Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of "Rabelais" is about the best example we know of; but as the pages of the great French humourist present infinitely greater difficulties to the translator than those of any modern writers (Hugo and De Balzac included), the precedent is a valuable one, as a specimen of what a really good translator may do with time and patience. But how was it possible for Mr. Wrexall to use either time or patience? The last of the ten volumes of "Les Misérables" was published about three months ago, and here we have the translation of the whole work into English in twelve hundred closely-printed pages. Taking an average to calculate upon, there must be about four hundred and fifty words in each of these twelve hundred pages—giving a total of five hundred and forty-three thousand one hundred and fifty words, or seven thousand five hundred and forty-three law-folios, in the entire work. A lawyer would have charged 377l.—at a shilling per folio—for drawing it up, had it been a legal document. A copyist would require nearly three months to copy it; yet here we have the translation executed, printed, and published in six months at the outside. Surely Mr. Wrexall cannot blame us if, with this startling fact before us, we scrutinise rather closely his claim to "fidelity" and "perfection."

At the conclusion of his preface, Mr. Wrexall declares that "it is no child's play to translate a work like 'Les Misérables,' which is studded with antitheses and epigrams." Admitted. There is then all the greater reason why the task should have been treated seriously and not as "child's play." There was no such immediate want of a translation into English as to render it imperatively necessary that a task, for which a whole year would have been all too little, should be scuttled over in a few months. Both Mr. Wrexall and the publishers might have been sure (the former, if he had undertaken, and the latter if they had made it worth his while to undertake, a careful and conscientious translation of this book, so as to make it a reliable reflection of the original) that they would not have stood in the slightest danger of any competition. Unhappily, it is the paucity rather than the abundance of enterprises of this kind that we have to deplore.

The sins, both of omission and commission, which we have to charge against Mr. Wrexall's translation are very numerous. Errors of exact rendering abound everywhere. Take a few sentences descriptive of M. Gillenormand and his surroundings. Here are a few specimens:

M. HUGO.	MR. WRAXALL.
Un vaste paravent à neuf feuilles en laque de Coromandel.	An immense screen of Coromandel lacquer-work.
—réduit galant—	—a gallant withdrawing-room—
—à la façon fouillis et comme au hasard.	(This phrase is evaded altogether.)
—drap léger—	—light cloth—
—une longue queue de morue—	—a long cod-pigtail—

These are taken within the space of a single page, chosen quite hap-hazard. The very next page presents an excellent example, both of the real difficulties of the task which Mr. Wrexall undertook, and

the little pains, or rather no pains at all, which he has used to overcome them. M. Hugo's chapter is entitled "Luc-Esprit." Mr. Wraxall adds to this the next chapter, "Aspirant Centenaire" (Would-be Centenarian), and calls them "Centenarian Aspirations." We give Mr. Wraxall's translation of "Luc-Esprit."

At the age of sixteen, when at the opera one night, he had the honour of being examined simultaneously by two beauties, at that time, celebrated and sung by Voltaire, la Camargo, and la Salle. Caught between two fires, he beat an heroic retreat upon a little dancing-girl of the name of Naheury, sixteen years of age, like himself, obscure as a cat, of whom he was enamoured. He abounded in recollections, and would exclaim, "How pretty that Guimard-Guimardini-Guimardinette was, the last time I saw her at Longchamps, with her hair dressed in 'sustained feelings,' her 'come and see them' of turquoises, her dress of the colour of 'newly-arrived people,' and her miff of 'agitation.'" He had worn in his youth a jacket of Nain-Londeur, to which he was fond of alluding: "I was dressed like a Turk of the Levantine Levant." Madame Boufflers, seeing him accidentally when he was twenty years of age, declared him to be "a charming madcap." He was scandalised at all the names he saw in politics and power, and considered them low and bourgeois. He read the journals, the newspapers, the gazettes, as he called them, and burst into a laugh. "Oh!" he would say, "who are these people? Corbière! Humann! Casimir Perrier! there's a ministry for you! I can imagine this in a paper, M. Gillenormand, Minister; it would be a farce, but they are so stupid that it might easily happen." He lightly called everything by its proper or improper name, and was not checked by the presence of ladies; and he uttered coarseness, obscenity, and filth, with a peculiarly calm and slightly amazed accent, in which was elegance. That was the indifference of his age, for we may draw attention to the fact that the season of paraphrases in verse was that of crudities in prose. His grandfather had predicted that he would be a man of genius, and gave him the two significant Christian names, Luc Esprit.

What on earth can any English reader make of such a *galimatias*? What conclude but that Victor Hugo is a kind of literary maniac who has escaped from Bedlam, and who delights to scribble "wild and whirling words" such as no man can make any sense of? What is "hair dressed in sustained feelings?" What may be a "come and see them" of turquoises? The last phrase, clumsy as it is, is not even literal; for the idiom used is "venez-y-voir," not "venez-les-voir." But what, we pray you, good Mr. Wraxall, is a "slightly amazed accent?" M. Hugo tells of a manner of speaking which had "je ne sais quoi de tranquille et de peu étonné"—an expression which seems to us to convey quite a different meaning from that which is suggested by Mr. Wraxall's phrase.

The difficulty of translating idiom into idiom is, of course, not forgotten by us; but Sir Thomas Urquhart's example teaches that it is not insurmountable. Care and research are needed to perform this operation with anything like success, and without the opportunity of exercising both no reputable literary man should dare to lay his hand upon such world-teachers as Victor Hugo. Such phrases as "frisée en sentiments soutenus" and "manchon d'agitation" have no meaning if translated literally. But they come out of the fashions of the day, and we have no doubt that a careful research into our own fashions would reveal idioms of equivalent significance. We joke the Frenchman who translated "The Green Man and Still" into "L'homme vert et tranquille," and make merry at the expense of the guidebook compiler who advertised the fact that "flies" might be hired by "On peut louer des mouches;" but the carelessness, not to say the ignorance displayed by these persons is not half so blameable as that of a translator who undertakes to interpret a great work like this and travesties it into a farrago of unintelligible nonsense.

One word we will add as to the form in which this translation has been cast. The most valid objection which has been urged against "Les Misérables," from the literary point of view, is that the story is encumbered with a number of long excursions which grow out of the story, but are not directly connected with it—such as the essays on Waterloo, the Convent, Slang, the Drains of Paris, &c. These dissertations are admirable in their way (as, indeed, is everything that comes from Victor Hugo's pen), but we agree with the objectors in thinking that they impede the progress and deaden the interest of the story. The best mode, in our opinion, of meeting this difficulty would have been to cut them clean out of the story, and to carry that on uninterruptedly to the end, putting all the excursions into a supplementary volume. This, however, is but a matter of opinion.

Macaulay and Fox; an Inquiry into the Truthfulness of Lord Macaulay's Portraiture of George Fox. In two Lectures. By JOHN STEPHENSON ROWNTREE. (York: Thomas Brady. London: A. W. Bennett. pp. 120.)—The author of this little brochure is also the author of "Quakerism, Past and Present," and is therefore no new defender of the Society of Friends. It consists of two lectures which were delivered at a local association during the past winter, and combats Lord Macaulay's violent attacks upon the Society in general, and upon Fox in particular. As a polemic, it is worth reading.

The British Tariff for 1862-3. By EDWIN BEEDELL. (A. H. Baily and Co. pp. 467.)—When we say that this volume is an indispensable necessary to every commercial man's desk, we have said all that need or can be said in its favour. It contains the fullest possible intelligence respecting the Customs and Inland Revenue, duties and drawbacks; the laws and regulations governing the importation, exportation, warehousing, transhipment, and exportation of merchandise; a complete list of all the ports and principal places of shipment throughout the world, distinguishing the countries to which they respectively belong; the Merchant Shipping, Consolidation and Amendment Acts, with practical observations on the measurement of ships, registry, transfer and mortgage, safety and prevention of accidents, wreck, casualty, and salvage; regulations for the shipment of stores; the Inland Bonding Act; the Merchandise Marks Act; and an infinite amount of information of the like kind.

JULES GÉRARD NOT IN INDIA AND A "SATURDAY REVIEWER" IN A FOG.

Voyages et Chasses dans l'Himalaya. Par JULES GÉRARD, le Tueur de Lions. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1862.

SOME OF THE READERS of the *Saturday Review* may possibly have been quite as astonished as we were ourselves, on the perusal of an article which appeared in the impression of that journal for the 11th ult., headed, "Jules Gérard in India,"—that article being a review of the book whose title stands at the head of these observations. The opening passages of that article, were of themselves sufficient to make the cautious reader open his eyes with amazement. "After all (says the "Saturday Reviewer") the Anglo-French alliance is a reality. Not to speak of Mr. Cobden and his treaty, here is M. Jules Gérard, *le Tueur de Lions*, who has gone and Anglicized himself in India, and now writes of what he did there in a book which combines French and English ways of acting, thinking, and speaking in a very agreeable way. It has been remarked that the best and noblest Frenchmen usually display, if they have the opportunity, a warm appreciation of England. To earlier examples of this tendency may be added M. Jules Gérard, whose English tastes are as decided as his eminence in the line which he has chosen is incontestable. It appears that M. Gérard held some post under the Indian Government, and that his station was near the slopes of the Himalayas. Whenever he got leave of absence he made some hunting excursion in the neighbourhood, and this book describes what he saw and what he did. As he was, in fact, an English officer, and as his companions, when he had any, were English officers likewise, he uses "nous" and "notre" in speaking of persons and things English, but he speaks of them in French, and occasionally like a Frenchman. The result of his performance is an Anglo-French alliance, of which we cordially approve."

Is it possible? We do not profess to know all about M. Jules Gérard's somewhat devious and adventurous career, but we know something of it, and certainly we never before heard that "le tueur de lions" had visited the Himalaya, and we were almost ready to depose upon oath that he never served under the Anglo-Indian Government, or was in any respect (much less was he "in fact") "An English Officer," or in any way entitled to use "*nous* and *notre* in speaking of persons and things English." We must admit that these strange assertions puzzled us.

Gradually, however, as we proceeded deeper and deeper into the observations of the "Saturday Reviewer," the mist began to clear up. It was staggering certainly, but, as we went on, conviction forced itself upon us. As the adventures of M. Gérard were detailed one by one, the impression dawned upon us, grew stronger and stronger, and finally became developed into perfect certainty that we had read of them before, with this slight difference, that then they belonged to somebody who was not M. Jules Gérard. A little further inquiry eliciting the following as the real state of the case: In 1860, Mr. Bentley published a volume written by R. H. W. Dunlop, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service. It was entitled, "Hunting in the Himalaya. With Notices of Customs and Countries, from the Elephant Haunts of the Dehra Doon, to the Bunchowr Tracks in Eternal Snow." A very slight examination of this volume convinced us beyond a doubt that a most impudent literary fraud had been committed by a French writer and a French publisher, that the above-named book and the "Voyages et Chasses" of M. Gérard were identical, and that the "Saturday Reviewer" had fallen directly into the trap.

To our proof. The "Reviewer" begins by telling us that "M. Gérard states that when, on returning from India to England, he saw how many sportsmen were wasting their time, their trouble, and their money, in stalking deer or shooting grouse in Scotland, he concluded that it must be through ignorance of the facilities which were open to them of getting to the Himalayas, and of finding there an almost infinite variety of game, that *nos sportsmen Anglais* did not attempt enterprises more worthy of the pains bestowed; but when we find that Mr. Dunlop opens his volume by telling us that "Seeing, since my return to England, how many spend time, trouble, and money on deer-stalking and bird-shooting in Scotland, I conclude that it must arise from non-acquaintance with the facilities for reaching the Himalaya and obtaining an almost endless assortment of game there, that our English sportsmen do not, if only for the sake of variety, attempt enterprise more worthy of their energies," it must be confessed that the resemblance between the two observations is something more than a mere family one. Again: when the "Saturday Reviewer" tells us that M. Gérard "truly, but irreverently observes, there are many old women of both sexes who pass all their lives in India without knowing more of its haunts and habits than their friends at home," and Mr. Dunlop, in his fifth page, tells us that "there are some old women of both sexes who pass a lifetime in the country, without ever having seen any of our larger game, or knowing more of their habits and habitat than their friends at home," it strikes us that the reproduction of this gentle piece of humour must be something more than accidental. In fine, to make a long story short, nothing can be more clear than that the work to which M. Jules Gérard "*le tueur de lions*" has set his name, is neither more nor less than a *literatim* translation of Mr. Dunlop's book, and it must be left to M. Gérard and to his publishers to explain how this slight *bévue* has come to pass.

The moral which the "Reviewer" seeks to point as to the "Anglo-French alliance," and as to the fact that M. Gérard has proved his

"English tastes" by having "gone and Anglicised himself in India," is amusing enough; but in other parts of his review he returns to the point of M. Gérard being "half an Englishman" with renewed zest:

Some little is done, he (M. Gérard) says, by a few officers, to provide amusement and occupation for their men, "mais la façon systématique universelle et pratique de se mettre à l'œuvre, chacun pour le plaisir de tous, se remarquable dans l'armée française, nous fait absolument défaut." The reader will, of course, observe that "nous" stands here for the English army.

If the reader has any doubt as to the "nous" standing for the English army, he has only to turn to Mr. Dunlop's book (page 139), where he will find it observed that: "Efforts are sometimes made by officers in our higher-class regiments to interest and occupy their men when cantoned, by promoting national sports and amateur theatricals, but the systematic, universal, and business-like mode of setting to work to provide amusement which prevails in the French army is wanting." Shortly after this, we are told that "M. Gérard and Lieutenant Speke travelled together to Rampore," and that "M. Gérard went to serve as a volunteer in the Doab, and Lieutenant Speke met his death at the storming of the *Cachemire* gate of Delhi." The vigilance of a "Reviewer" who could receive unquestioned the assertion that M. Gérard ever held an appointment in the Anglo-Indian service might easily pass over his volunteering in the Doab; but how shall we account for a gentleman, who evidently possesses some acquaintance with the French language, giving us the French orthoëpy for the word *Cashmere*?

The "Reviewer" brings his article to a conclusion by quoting two anecdotes, which, of course, he attributes to M. Gérard. We content ourselves with quoting them as *pièces justificatives* of one of the most barefaced literary frauds within our recollection:

S. R. ON JULES GÉRARD.

The matter of this book is interesting, and the style is very neat and pleasant. A miracle of a priest or lama of Tibet is happily disposed of in the following sentence.—A tribe called the Hunnias had been invaded by the Sikhs. They told M. Gérard that they had confided the defence of their country to the lama, and that he had made snow fall in winter to destroy their enemies. "Je leur fis remarquer qu'il vaudrait encore mieux, en cas d'urgence, qu'il la fit tomber en été, et que je me chargerais au besoin moi-même de la première cérémonie."

M. Gérard had an interview with a zumpun, or officer of a district inhabited by the Hunnias, which is subject to the Chinese empire. The zumpun told him that he would be obliged to depart next day, because the odour of a kyang, or wild horse, which M. Gérard had killed about two miles off, was distressing to him. Hereupon M. Gérard remarks: "Il fallait avoir une imagination bien ingénieuse pour inventer un pareil prétexte; car tous les chevaux morts de la Chine ne pourraient en cinq heures empestier l'air autant qu'un seul Hunnia vivant."

MR. DUNLOP.

... Locations for Hunnias flying from the Sikhs. They told me that the chief part of their defence was entrusted to their Llama, who called down snow in winter to kill their enemies. I pointed out to them that it might be more convenient if, in urgent cases, he would do it in the summer, as I could undertake to perform the former ceremony myself.

On parting with the Zumpun, he told me that he should be obliged to leave next day, as the smell of the kyang which I had shot, and which was about two miles off, made him faint. He must have had considerable inventive genius to think of this fable, for all the dead horses in China would not within five hours taint the air like one live Hunnia.

INDIAN LIFE, TESTE MR. BOUCICAULT.

Jessie Brown; or, the Relief of Lucknow. A Drama in Three Acts. By DION BOUCICAULT. Author of "London Assurance," "The Colleen Bawn," &c. London: T. Hailes Lacey.

IT IS SOMETIMES SAID that Englishmen derive most of their impressions regarding the character and events of the past from Shakespeare and Scott. And the practice of confining our historical studies to romantic records, is not without its defenders; it has been urged, for instance, that the *events* of history are as often false as those of fiction, while the *characters* are really presented with more benefit by the dramatic verisimilitude of the poet than by the somewhat hidebound accuracy of the most impartial annalist. And then the local colour! Ah, there we are on strong ice; no fear of being drowned here, at any rate; who that reads the account of the tournament in "Ivanhoe," or the councils of the Greeks in "Troilus and Cressida," can doubt but that the scenes of antiquity are brought in vivid reality before his "mind's eye, Horatio!" Such were our feelings on the rise of the curtain a few nights ago for the "New Scotch Drama, and Grand Military Spectacle of the Relief of Lucknow." But may we confess that what we witnessed then and there has somewhat shaken our faith in the "local colour" of modern dramas in general, and of Mr. Dion Boucicault's in particular? In the first place, we should state that the printed copy of the drama, whose title stands at the head of these observations, and which is sold by Mr. Lacey as the piece now being acted by Mr. Boucicault, is by no means an accurate transcript of what is really said and done upon the Drury-lane boards; large and important slices of what is technically called "fat," and (if we mistake not), one entire scene, upon which some of our observations are based, being omitted.

The first scene depicts a number of ladies and gentlemen (the latter including two officers in full dress), sitting at a table in the open air, outside a house, which, although it is situated among the hills, is said to be commanded by the guns of "the Fort of Lucknow." A recollection of the map here stole o'er us, but was corrected by a counter

reminiscence of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." If the Swan of Avon might place Bohemia on the sea-coast, why should not the Bard of Drury transport Lucknow to the foot of the Himalayas.

The next thing that happened was somewhat more in accordance with our own notions of artistic truth, for we found an important person, like a Rāja's vakeel, playing the part of *valet-de-chambre* to a British officer. Nor did the sight of the latter in full philabeg and ostrich feathers at all offend our ideas of propriety, until we were informed by a friend from Bengal that during the "summer of 1857" a pair of drawers and an umbrella-hat of white pith formed the nucleus of a working costume. This, however, is a trifling matter. More remarkable was it to find the Hindoo chiefs rejoicing in names exclusively Mahomedan in form, and while celebrating the "Ritual" of an idol, uttering the profession of Islam, "There is no God but God, and Mahomed is his prophet." This eclecticism on the part of the Hindoo chiefs gave us the most favourable hopes of the progress of Christianity in that darkened land. "If," thought we, "the worship of an idol can be combined with the utterance of a monotheistic symbol, there can surely be no difficulty in the path of our missionaries." This dream was, however, shortly afterwards dispelled by seeing a clergyman repulsed by one of the Rijas in the most forcible terms, and the mosque dedicated to the unusual service of the idol become the scene of a dance between nautch-girls and a licentious soldiery. An Indian neighbour here became uncontrollable, and, on becoming able to explain his emotion, he assured us that in the East for a man to dance was regarded more as an impossibility than as a mere degradation, and scarcely so conceivable as to us would be a bishop at a badger-baiting. To add to our perplexity the "bell of the mosque struck seven;" the refugees escaped from a crowded assembly, and, finally, the entrance of Havelock and Outram was welcomed as a "Relief of Lucknow," instead of being what we have always understood it to have been, an unwelcome addition of mouths to a garrison which was already (even according to our dramatist) actually starving.

Such, then, is one of the life-like pictures from which the British public is supposed to derive its impressions of foreign life and manners, and which are to confirm it in its already very deeply-rooted belief that all foreigners (and especially all Orientals) are barbarians, and that the lowest and most besotted Irish soldier is a better and a nobler character than the most cultivated Hindoo nobleman of whom the ancient peninsula can boast. Well might we ask ourselves, as we left the theatre as much wearied as disgusted:—If these things are done in the green tree, what may be done in the dry? If scenes in which many of the audience may have borne a part can be thus represented to their imagination, what can be the value of what is called historical romance, what even of history itself? The difficulty of Sir Walter Raleigh, when he could not reconcile the statements of two eye-witnesses as to what happened in the next street, is repeated around us daily, and the value of testimony is impaired not only by the inventions of these historical dramatists, but by the fictions of eye-witnesses themselves, whose "thin red lines" and "Highland Jessies" serve as materials for the pencil of the painter as well as the pen of the not less imaginative playwright.

SCHOOL BOOKS AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

English Ballads for School Reading. Edited by the Rev. W. BENTHAM. (The National Society's Depository. pp. 160).—A well-selected collection of ballads for school use. The introduction clearly defines what a ballad is, and presents a brief but intelligible history of ballad-writing in England. At the very threshold of the collection we meet with an old friend, "Chevy Chase" (one of the noblest of English ballads), and it comes upon us like a fresh breeze. Some other favourites are there: "Robin Hood," "The Friar of Orders Grey," and "The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal-green." It is neatly printed, and is a pretty, handy, book for children.

Reading Lessons for Evening Schools. (The National Society's Depository. pp. 80).—A very elementary reading-book; though we could have wished to see a reading lesson for young children commence with a sentence less open to cavil on the part of political economists than the following: "England owes a considerable share of her commerce and her wealth, and no small portion of her power and prosperity, to her colonial possessions." To this, Mr. Goldwin Smith might say: "Indeed?"

Piccolilli: a Mixture. By GILBERT PERCY. Illustrated by GEORGE THOMAS and T. R. MACQUOD. (Sampson Low, Son, and Co. pp. 110).—A forerunner of the Christmas books for children—those seasonable little volumes bound in all the colours of the rainbow, filled with all manner of charming tales, and illustrated by the cunning pencils of artists who well know how to gratify the tastes of the young. The stories with which this little volume is filled are simple, innocent, instructive, and graceful, and the illustrations accord with them admirably. If we have any favourites commend us to the stories of "The Plate-Basket" and of "The Toad that went out to Tea."

An Easy English Grammar for Beginners; being a Plain Doctrine of Words and Sentences. Book the First. Of Words and their Changes. By J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A. (London and Manchester: A. Ireland and Co. pp. 58).—This is the first of a handy little series of school-books which is designed to supply what, in the opinion of its projectors, is a desideratum. This series is called (we presume after the late Sydney Herbert) "the Herbert Series of School Books." They are designed upon the plan of so dividing the subjects of education that each volume shall contain about the modicum which an intelligent schoolboy can master in half a year. Each book is to be carefully graduated into its successor. To sum up in the words of the prospectus, "the distinctive features of these school books will be shortness, clearness, graduation, practicality, and cheapness."

Tales of the Gods and Heroes. By the Rev. GEORGE W. COX, M.A. (Longmans. pp. 310).—Some well-chosen stories from the classic mythology are chosen and told here with considerable vigour and simplicity for the benefit of juvenile readers. The volume is illustrated with several well-executed engravings.

A History of the Kings of Ancient Britain, from Brutus to Cadwaladr. Abridged from the *Collectanea Cambria. With Notes.* By MANLEY POPE. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. pp. 216).—This peep into the pre-historic times of his own country can do no harm to the young Great-Briton. Here he will read of Arthur and of Ludd, of Bladud, Loeline, Madoc, Gwendolen, Brutus the Second, and Leon the Great.

A Graduated Arithmetic. Book the First. (A. Ireland and Co.).—This is another of "the Herbert Series of School-books," and, as far as we can judge, it amply fulfils the above definition.

The River Names of Europe. By ROBERT FERGUSON. (Williams and Norgate. 1862. pp. 190).—This interesting little volume is not the work of a mere dilettante philologist, but a careful, well-digested treatise, containing not only a good deal of matter derived from books not easily got at by the ordinary reader, but also a considerable amount of original speculation. Nor is the etymology of river names an uninteresting or a fruitless topic for discussion. Within many such words, banded lightly every day from tongue to tongue, lurk the germs of some of the most ancient forms of the Indo-European speech. For we may readily suppose that comparatively early after the immigration of mankind from Asia into Europe, names were given by the nomad tribes to the stately rivers which, by their fixity, presented so strong a contrast to their own restless habits. The temporary village or hamlet which stood here to-day might be leagues away within a few weeks, while the river remained unchanged, and the necessity of obtaining water would not suffer its merits to be forgotten by the wanderers. The inquiries of Mr. Ferguson seem to support the validity of the following general rule—though, like every other general rule, it has its exceptions—that the name by which the river is known at the present day, when it happens to differ from that recorded in history, is the less ancient of the two. Of course there might originally have been two names, both almost equally ancient, one of which is preserved in history, and the other retained in modern usage. Another curious fact is noted by the author, viz., that in the case of one race coming after another, the new comers often retained the old names, while they added another of their own, signifying water or river. As in nine cases out of ten the original word bore this meaning also, it naturally comes to pass that many river-names are found which are compounded of two words of different languages, both signifying water. The range of philological inquiry necessarily employed in investigating the nomenclature of European rivers is a very extensive one. Though the prevailing element is Celtic, traces of the cognate languages, especially Sanscrit, are continually turning up in such names. Mr. Ferguson duly acknowledges his obligations to the philologists of Germany, who, even in this comparatively little-known department of their science, have been by no means wanting. Much food for speculation yet remains. Take for instance the river Alma, as commencing with the first letter of the alphabet. What is the meaning of the word which we find in so many forms? Thus we have the Alme in Devonshire, the Alm in Brabant, the Alhama in Spain, the Almo in Italy, and the Alma in the Crimea. Can we trace any one idea which runs through all these names. Mr. Ferguson somewhat fancifully, to our taste, supposes that the root of the word Alma is *lam, lem, lim* (indicating smoothness, so Lake Leman, Lomond, Lat. *linus*, Gk. *λίανν*, &c.), and that by metathesis it takes the form *alm, elm, ilm*. "Judicent docti," however. The lover of philology will find not a few things to try his ingenuity in this most interesting little volume.

L'Expédition du Mexique. Par EDGAR QUINET. (W. Jeff. pp. 39.)—This explanation of the illegal expedition undertaken by France against Mexico—from which England (happily for her honour), retreated just in time—from the point of view taken by an able and well-known liberal French political writer, is most interesting to us. That the object of this expedition is to give the despotic powers of Europe a *piéd à terre* in North America, and to make the internal condition of that country the pretext for troubling the United States, and then of aiding in the disruption of the great republic, we never for one moment doubted. So far as that proposition goes, therefore, we coincide with M. Quinet, who (restricting, as French liberals are too apt to do, their view to their own particular *bête noire*), calls it an attempt to export the Second of December over to America. M. Quinet says:

The occasion for the project of invading Mexico has been the civil war in the United States. At the first news of a check received by the Northern States, the Cabinet of the Tuilleries concluded that it was all over with the great American Republic—at any rate it thought it too busy to put any obstacles in the way of a Buonapartist enterprise. The only thing left was to choose a place where to levy a tremendous blow at the independence of the New World. Mexico appeared to be the auspicious place; for she was only just recovering, under a regular and liberal government, from the effects of her long civil wars. Before her wounds could be scarred over, she was to be struck unawares—for there was no need of a long war. Could they not do at Vera Cruz what had been done at Civita Vecchia? The example of the Roman Expedition would thus assist the Expedition to Mexico, and in 1862 would be recommenced the work and the stratagems of 1849. They would come as allies. Is not the tricolour liberty and independence? Only let your friends seize (their minds filled with generous ideas), your soil, your principal towns, and let them shoot down your patriots—what then? The Buonapartist sword can do no wrong. He will wait to speak as a master until the whole nation be disarmed and enslaved, and the capital occupied. Is it possible to carry benevolence further? The facility for illusion is so great in the author of this enterprise, that he has even persuaded himself that the very name of Buonaparte will bend men down to the earth. He has scarcely any need to appear. In Mexico you will see the old worshippers of the sun falling down before the *setting sun* of Napoleonic fortune.

Further on, we find a clear exposition of the purpose of the expedition:

In order that falsehood may be established, truth must disappear. That the falsehood of an enslaved democracy may take root in Europe, it is necessary that true democracy should be destroyed in America. . . . Is not the second of December but an ephemeral and ever-contested success? All its maxims

were dashed in pieces against the precipices of the great American confederation. No repose, no security for Caesarism, as long as it had to face that superb contradiction on the other side of the Atlantic. Let it give place to the great Dumb Empire, which was designed in 1811! Let it disappear; and with it let the inconvenient phantom of Washington vanish! Order is in danger. The Buonapartist edifice is scandalised and threatened. That phantom is dangerous. To those who are enslaved it recalls to memory that they have not always been so. It re-opens the future, which was thought to be closed. Perish the memory of the past! Perish the future of the world of Jefferson and Franklin! The grand dream of universal slavery will then be consummated.

Under one division of his subject, M. Quinet speaks of the abuse of words—the most dangerous vice of the age; the most effectual means of enslaving people, by first confusing their understandings. Here he speaks of the misuse of such words as "justice, liberty, civilisation, generous ideas—horrible words, when they are used as bait in the mouths of our enemies. Nothing (he adds) harms a nation more than this abuse of the most sacred words." Ah! M. Quinet, are you quite sure that you and your party have thoroughly understood that truth?

The Refugees, and other Poems. By JOHN WATERS. (London: Longman. Truro: Heard and Sons. pp. 180).—We are afraid that if we were to take Mr. John Waters privately aside, and tell him that he had written nothing worth printing, and that as a poet he belonged clearly to the "Close" school, he would scarcely understand us; for the man who has the self-sufficiency to fill nearly two hundred pages with such commonplace stuff as this must be a long way past conviction. What can we do but lay before the reader one or two specimens of Mr. Waters's quality, and leave them to form their own opinion? The first poem we come to is a long one, called "The Refugees." It is a very dull attempt at sketching the kind of debate which might be supposed to take place in a tavern (presumably in the "Leicester Squar" quarter) frequently by political refugees:

Here may be seen, at perfect ease,
Ex-Generals, men of all degrees,
From those of Frank, to Marshalls hoary,
Who fought for Liberty and Glory.
There, in a corner snug and warm,
The brewer of a mighty storm,
With merciless familiarity
Accuses Nap. of want of charity.
This is the greatest foe of France

Distinguished at a single glance.
Another, of a smaller size,
Propounds, in manner wondrous wise,
The doctrine, savouring of divinity,
Contain'd in the republic's trinity;
And next is seen a Hungary Chief,
Waiting the signal of relief
To drink the nectar of the free,
And eat the tree of Liberty.

The specimens of the debate are much in the same style. Having thus had a specimen of Mr. Waters's sketches of common life, let us now take a little of his pathos:

Oh, pity! colder than antarctic parts,
Freeze more the chillness of unfeeling hearts!
Let wretchedness in ragged garment stare,
And swear thou'st stamp'd thy cruel image there!
Long is the running of the race of woe,
But pleasure's journey, is that ever slow!

We recommend the phrase "colder than antarctic parts" to the consideration of Mr. Tupper. One more specimen, and let that be in the "humorous" vein, for that we presume to be the intention, if not the effect, of the composition entitled "The Wants of the Times—1858":

Wanted, more faith in brother Jonathan,
And all the world to call him honest man,
Aspiring, go-a-head, and very plucky,
Not at all blustering, but dene'd unlucky.
Wanted, small change for fifty five-pound
notes,
Or a small barter in the line of oats;

These notes are payable in Glasgow city,
Not at the Bank of England—what a
pity!
Wanted, a Quaker, in a quiet way,
To pay a visit to celestial Yeh,
Persuade the Oriental to consider,
And open China to the highest bidder.

By this time, perhaps, the reader will cry "Enough!"

Phosphorescence; or, the Emission of Light by Minerals, Plants, and Animals. By T. L. PHIPSON, Ph.D., F.C.S. (Lovell Reeve and Co. pp. 210.)—With the deeper questions of chemical science which this monographic essay on the phenomena connected with phosphorus touches upon we must leave the scientific critics to deal; for our part, we can cheerily bear testimony to the interest which it is likely to afford the general reader. The latter will possibly be surprised to find some peculiar manifestations ascribed to phosphorescence which are usually attributed to the ordinary laws of light. The properties of the Bologna stone, or heavy-spar (sulphate of baryta), are doubtless well and generally known; not so, however, that many other substances possess the curious property of manifesting the phenomenon known as *phosphorescence after insolation*. The meaning of this is that certain substances, after being exposed to the light of the sun for a short time, have the property of retaining their brilliancy in the dark. The sulphate of baryta has this, and also certain varieties of fluor-spar, carbonate of lime, and other salts of lime. Some diamonds also have this property, and thus really possess the power of *shining in the dark*. It principally, however, belongs to the salts of lime; and houses painted with them "are apt to become luminous at night, after they have the action of the sun's rays in the daytime. Whitewashed houses are, on account of their phosphorescent quality, visible at a great distance on the darkest nights." Phenomena of phosphorescence produced by heat and by cleavage, the phosphorescence of gases, and meteorological phosphorescence, are described. Some of the examples quoted deserve, we should imagine, close investigation. Take, for instance, this:

On the 3rd of May, 1768, near Arny-le-Duke, M. Pasumot was overtaken on an open plain by a violent storm. The rain-water collected abundantly on the border of his hat; and when he stooped his head to let it flow off, he observed that, in its fall, encountering that which fell from the clouds, at about twenty inches from the ground, sparks were emitted between the two portions of the liquid.

Assuming it proved that sparks were seen, might they not have been electrical. A curious instance of meteorological phosphorescence is recorded as having been seen by General Sabine and Captain James Ross in their first northern expedition:

Being in the Greenland seas during the period of darkness, they were called up by the officers on deck to observe an extraordinary appearance. Ahead of the vessel, and lying precisely in her course, appeared a stationary light resting on the water, and rising to a considerable elevation. Every other part of the heavens and the horizon all around the ship were in utter darkness. As there was no known danger in this phenomenon, the course of the vessel was not

altered; and when the ship entered the region of this light, the officers and crew looked on with the liveliest interest. *The whole vessel was illuminated; the most elevated parts of the masts and sails, and the minutest portions of the rigging, became visible.*

The extent of this luminous atmosphere might have been about 450 yards. When the bow of the ship emerged from it, it seemed as if the vessel were suddenly plunged in darkness. There was no gradual decrease of illumination. The ship was already at a considerable distance from the luminous region when it appeared still visible as a stationary light astern.

The phosphorescence manifested by many insects occupies a great deal of space in this interesting essay. The observation of the French naturalists fully confirms that of many English ones when they attribute to this phenomena a sexual purpose. To the lamp in the tail of the female glow-worm has often been attributed the same function as that of Hero's beacon, a signal to her lover to light him on his way. Yet Mr. Thornton Herapath declares that "the most delicate analysis does not show the slightest quantity of phosphorus (*as phosphate*) in the bodies of those insects." This book may be considered as a preliminary essay in a great inquiry. The researches of physiologists are gradually arriving at conclusions which assign to the discovery of the Hamburg alchemist, Brandt, a higher place in animal economy than it has as yet had assigned to it. What part the element phosphorus bears in the mysterious phenomena of generation, and above all, in the construction and vivification of the brain, are questions which afford an almost boundless field for the scientific inquirer.

Number One; or, the Way of the World. By FRANK FOSTER. Second Series. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. pp. 262.)—Mr. "Frank Foster" is evidently not satisfied with some of his critics, for he devotes an entire chapter to the castigation of some of them, and utters loud complaints at the pity which they have wasted upon his self-complacent fatuity. "Frank Foster" is like the good boy at the school—we are at a loss to know what to do with him. He is commonplace, twaddling, self-conceited. What then? There is no vice in the fellow, any more than there is in Tupper—and certainly no more virtue. Yet Tupper numbers his admirers by hundreds of thousands, and the worst we wish "Frank Foster" is that he may be equally lucky. The present volume is a frivolous *melange* of complaints against his critics, and the adventures of a certain "Starlight," who came from the States with a notable invention, and did not succeed in convincing the Admiralty of its tremendous excellence. "Starlight" seems to be an "independent American," who came to this country fully determined to make the "Britishers" appreciate the benefits of his invention, and at the same time to uphold the dignity of his country. He appears to have thought it conducive to the latter to address the Queen with, "How d'ye do, ma'am?"—a mode of salutation which "Frank Foster" appears to approve of highly. The manner in which he took the Admiralty by storm is very clearly described:

"Is the Duke of Somerset at home?" inquired our hero of one of the *trio* of gentlemanly porters.

"Your business with his Grace?" inquired the porter.

"Sir!" said Starlight, with an emphasis and good humour that seemed to surprise his interrogator, "is it usual in this establishment to reply to a question by asking another?"

"I merely wish—"

"So do I," said Starlight, interrupting the man—"I merely wish to know the custom of the place, as I am a stranger in this part of the world."

"If you tell me your business with the Duke—"

"Pardon me, sir,—with your permission, I would rather tell that to the Duke," said Starlight.

"We are not permitted to—"

"If I can't get your permission," continued Starlight, looking first one side of the hall and then on the other, like a pigeon that hesitates before taking a direct course, "I must try to make way without it."

"Just inquire whether the Duke is in his room," said porter *number one* to porter *number two*, as he turned in seeming disgust from the stranger who would tell his business *only* to those whom it concerned.

"Your name, sir, if you please?" said porter *number two*, on his return to the hall.

"For whom is the name required?" said Starlight.

"Captain Moore wants your name," replied the porter.

"I don't want Captain Moore, my good man; I want the Duke of Somerset," said Starlight.

"You can see the Duke only through his private secretary," replied the porter.

"And who is his private secretary?" said Starlight.

"Captain Moore," replied the porter.

"I understand you," said Starlight; and now that I know the custom of the place I am ready to conform to it. If the man I want to see can be seen only through a man I don't want to see—why I shall be glad to see the man I don't want to see. I will thank you to give this letter to the gentleman."

At the end of the volume we find a number of facsimiles of the signatures of persons of distinction, who wrote to "Starlight" on the subject of his invention, though what they thought or said about it, or what they or their signatures have to do with "Frank Foster" or his book, are questions which are left entirely to the imagination.

The Dictionary of Useful Knowledge. (Houlston & Wright. 2 vols. pp. 1523.)—We entirely agree with the opening words of the preface to this book, that "it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the value of good works of reference." Books like this, and the larger but scarcely more useful "Dictionnaire des Conversations," are of the greatest value in solving those questions as to matters of fact which are constantly presenting themselves for solution in the daily commerce of every-day life. This "Dictionary of Useful Knowledge" has been compiled with great care. Of course it would be absurd to expect perfection from a work so vast and varied in its scope; but (having regard to its compendiousness and cheapness) it is the best book of the kind we know of. Some of the illustrations are, perhaps, less reliable than the letterpress, and must be taken *cum grano salis*.

Albert the Good: a Nation's Tribute of Affection to the Memory of a Truly Virtuous Prince. (J. F. Shaw and Co.)—This handsome volume contains a reprint of as large a number of newspaper and other tributes to the memory of the late Prince Consort as the compiler could collect. Here are the leading articles, paragraphs, verses, and magazine articles written on the subject. A literary curiosity, surely, if nothing more.

C. H. Clarke has published in a cheap form a "sensation" novel on the "Dahomian atrocities," entitled *The Negro Prince; or, the Victims of Dahomey*, by Captain Livingstone; doubtless intended to administer to the popular appetite for horrors from this part of Africa.

We have No. IX. of *Barrington*. By Charles Lever. Illustrated by H. K. Browne. (Chapman and Hall.)

Messrs. Moxon and Co. have issued the fifth volume of *The Works of Thomas Hood, Comic and Serious, in Prose and Verse*. Edited, with Notes, by his Son, containing miscellaneous writings of Hood belonging to the years 1840, 1841, and 1842.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have added to their "Standard Library" a new and revised edition of *No Church*, by the author of "High Church."

Messrs. Call and Inglis, of Edinburgh, have published a *Chrono-Genetical Chart of Bible History, from Adam to A. D. 100*; showing the Origin of the Nations after the Deluge, particularly the line of the Messiah from Shem, and the Israelitish nation as prominently set forth in the Bible under their different governments. Such a chart must be most useful to the Biblical student.

Messrs. G. W. Bacon and Co., publishers and importers of American maps, &c., have issued a very useful series of maps bearing upon the war now waging in America, and which may be safely recommended to those who like to read the sometimes misty communications of the newspaper correspondents by the light of a good map. One of these is a "Map of the Southern States," and it is, we believe, the most elaborate yet issued of the entire Confederate States. Another, called the "Military Map," shows, at a glance, the whole of the American States in three colours, according to their present divisions—Federal, Confederate, and Border Slave States. Another, "War Map of Virginia and Maryland," is sold for a shilling, and contains the names of more than three thousand towns and streams around Richmond, Washington, and Harper's Ferry. The "Army Map" is projected on a scale which gives scope for the introduction of some very interesting and valuable features unknown in other maps. Altogether these maps may be recommended to all who take an interest in the scenes now being enacted in America.

Of periodicals belonging to October we have received: *The Art-Journal*.—*Frazer's Magazine*.—*Temple Bar*.—*St. James's*.—*The Ladies' Companion*.—*The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*.—*Kingston's Magazine for Boys*.—*The National Magazine*.—*The Ecclesiologist*.—*The Medical Critic and Psychological Journal*.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.—*The Technologist*.—*The Gardener's Weekly Magazine*.—*The Sixpenny Magazine*.—*The Exchange*.—*The Assurance Magazine and Journal of Actuaries*.—*The Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin Messenger of Mathematics*. (Macmillan and Co.)—*The Church of England Temperance Magazine*.—*The Practical Mechanic's Journal*.—We have also received: *The Westminster Review*.—*The Museum*.—*The Stethoscope: a Quarterly Review of the Modern Practice in Consumption and Chest Diseases*. No. I. (H. Balliere.)—*The Popular Science Review*.—*The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*.

Of works issued in parts we have received: *Orley Farm*. By Anthony Trollope. With illustrations by J. E. Millais. (Chapman and Hall). The twentieth and last part.—*Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information*. Part XLVII.—*Beeton's Book of Home Pets*. Part XXVI.—*Beeton's Book of Home Games*. Part I. (S. O. Beeton.)—*The Boy's Own Library*. Vol. III. Part XVIII. (S. O. Beeton.)—No. I. of *Form of Service for the Use of Congregations*. Compiled, composed, and instituted by Jethro. (Landport: Printed for the Author.)—*Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*. New edition. Part X. (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.)—*Beeton's Illuminated Family Bible*. Part XIV. (S. O. Beeton.)—Part XLIV. of *Routledge's Illustrated Natural History*. By the Rev. J. G. Wood.—*Inspiration and Interpretation*. By the Rev. Augustus Clissold, M.A. Vol. IV. (Oxford: Henry Hammans. London: Whit-taker and Co.)

We have also received: *International Exhibition, 1862: Kingdom of Italy—Official Descriptive Catalogue*. Published by the order of the Italian Commissioners. (London: Printed by W. Trousce.)—*Catalogue of the Special Exhibition of Works of Art of the Medieval, Renaissance, and more Recent Periods, on loan at the South Kensington Museum*. Parts II. and III. Edited by J. C. Robinson, F.S.A. (London: Printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode.)—*Letter to the President and Vice-Presidents of the British Association for the Advancement of Science*. By James Smith, Esq. (Liverpool: Edward Howell.)—*Richard Cobden, Roi des Belges*. Par un Ex-Colonel de la Garde Civique. (Bruxelles: Alexandre Jamar.)—*On the Worthlessness of Iron-cased Ships. To which is appended a Treatise on a New System of Anchorage*. By James Hermann Hilberg. (London: F. Thimm.)—*Religious Training for the People: or, How to be Happy in Both Worlds*. (Wertheim, Macintosh, and Co.)—*Jerusalem the Golden, and the Way to it, Foreshadowed by the Holy Tabernacle*. By the Rev. Herman Douglas. With a Preface by the Author of "Mary Powell." (R. Bentley.)—*The Sinner's Friend*. (Warren, Hall, and Co.)—*The Third Edition of a pamphlet entitled Britons Robbed, Tortured, and Murdered in Peru*. From the pen of Captain Melville White. M.E.—*A Second Edition of Mentone, the Riviera, Corsica, and Biarritz as Winter Climates*. By J. Henry Bennet, M.D. (John Churchill.)—*The Mechanics of the Heavens, and the New Theories of the Sun's Electro-Magnetic and Repulsive Influence*. By James Reddie. (Robert Hardwicke.)—*Troisième Memoire adressé aux Puissances Protectrices de la Grèce*. Par le Docteur A. Goudas. (Paris: E. Dentu.)—*An Appeal to the Physiologists and the Press*. By H. Freke, M.D. (Dublin: Fanniss and Co.)—*Causes and Probable Results of the Civil War in America*. Facts for the People of Great Britain. By William Taylor, of California. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—*The Science of Memory Simplified and Explained; or, a Rational System for Improving the Memory*. By J. H. Bacon. Part II. (J. H. Bateman.)—*Arbitration and a Congress of Nations as a Substitute for War*. By John Noble, jun. (Henry James Tressider.)—*A Second Edition of The Last Missing Link; or, Should all the Laity learn to read the Scriptures in the original Language*. (Cambridge: T. Dixon.)—*A Second Edition of a treatise On Chronic Alcoholic Intoxication; with an Inquiry into the Influence of the Abuse of Alcohol as a predisposing Cause of Disease*. By W. Marcet, M.D. (John Churchill.)—*The Church-rate Question in the Parish of St. George the Martyr*. (J. Stenson.)—*Tommy Toddle's Comic Almanac for 1863*.—*Woman and*

her Work. *The Needle: its History and Utility. A Lecture.* By Madame Caplin. (William Freeman.)—Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. have published a new and cheap edition of *Against Wind and Tide.* By Holme Lee.—Messrs. A. and C. Black have added *The Monastery* to their forthcoming shilling edition of the "Waverley Novels."

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW" for October has, among other interesting contents, a review of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," written in a more friendly and appreciative vein than we should have expected from that quarter. The author begins by regretting the impureness which characterised the literature of the Empire, and points to Hugo's work by way of contrast:

Considered, then, with reference to the works of fiction which have caused the greatest "fureur" in France during the last ten years, this new novel of Victor Hugo's, conceived as it is in the spirit which its author justly vindicates for it in the words which we have placed at the head of this article, is a most welcome and noteworthy exception. Occasional grossness of expression indeed too frequently escapes him, but there is nothing that betrays impurity of thought. The genius of the poet and the mind of the man have both of them been of too high an order to stoop to such lewdness, consciously and lovingly caressed, as seems to allure the readers and to absorb the minds of a Flaubert and a Feydeau. To what purpose, indeed, is Poesy a "winged thing," as Plato calls it, if it do not raise itself above the dirt and dust of the earth earthy, and become a "sursum corda" to the world?

The Reviewer then points out that "Les Misérables" is the work of two writers—"the one a poet, the other a system-monger:" the former he applauds in the highest degree; the latter he partly condemns. The whole article is an admirable appreciation of Hugo's work, and we cannot resist the temptation of quoting this brief eulogium upon his style:

Some French critic—M. Cuvillier Fleury, if we remember right—has said that, in the presence of the author of "Les Misérables," his readers must feel like the Lilliputians in the hands of Gulliver. The comparison is a very just one. Victor Hugo's mind is essentially Titanic; he is more at home, shows more power, where he is dealing with conceptions of a superhuman character, than when he dwells among ordinary men. And yet the tenderness, the grace, the pathos which he brings to bear on his description of children, are no less wonderful than the grandeur of his style and the majesty of his gait when dealing with the colossal and superhuman. But, while thus at home with pigmies and giants, he seems at times to be lacking in what Pascal somewhere calls "l'entredeux." His creations of men and women, such as we meet with in everyday life, lay themselves open to criticism, as being types of a class rather than individuals with definitely marked outlines of their own. This, however, is a defect which characterises all the works of Romance literature, as contrasted with that of Teutonic races.

Fraser opens with a highly laudatory review of Mr. Spedding's "Letters and Life of Francis Bacon." The reviewer takes no other notice of Bacon's self-elected advocate than to observe that certain "incidents are related by Mr. Spedding in grave and graceful language, standing in as strong a contrast to the flourishes and figments of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, as the style of Thucydides does to that of the empty-headed coxcomb Libanius." Once again, indeed, he designates Mr. Dixon's mode of setting off Essex's gift to Bacon as law charges as "a sorry shift." The number contains an interesting review of Ernest Renan's works; an amusing essay by Frances Power Cobbe on "What Shall We Do with Our Old Maids?" and an article on "The International Exhibition."

The most interesting reading in the *Cornhill* is Mr. Thackeray's "Roundabout Paper," the comfortable moral of which is that if we are not all convicted felons, we are not very far from being so.

When I first came up to London, as innocent as Monsieur Gil Blas, I also fell in with some pretty acquaintances, found my way into several caverns, and delivered my purse to more than one gallant gentleman of the road. One I remember especially—one who never eased me personally of a single maravedi—one than whom I never met a bandit more gallant, courteous, and amiable. Rob me? Rolando feasted me; treated me to his dinner and his wine; kept a generous table for his friends, and I know was most liberal to many of them. How well I remember one of his speculations! It was a great plan for smuggling tobacco. Revenue officers were to be bought off; silent ships were to ply on the Thames; cunning depôts were to be established, and hundreds of thousands of pounds to be made by the coup. How his eyes kindled as he propounded the scheme to me! How easy and certain it seemed! It might have succeeded: I can't say: but the bold and merry, the hearty and kindly Rolando came to grief—a little matter of imitated signatures occasioned a Bank persecution of Rolando the Brave. He walked about armed, and vowed he would never be taken alive: but taken he was; tried, condemned, sentenced to perpetual banishment; and I heard that for some time he was universally popular in the colony which had the honour to possess him. What a song he could sing! 'Twas when the cup was sparkling before us, and heaven gave a portion of its blue, boys, blue, that I remember the song of Roland at the Old Piazza Coffee-house. And now where is the Old Piazza Coffee-house? Where is Thebes? where is Troy? where is the Colossus of Rhodes? Ah, Rolando, Rolando; thou wert a gallant captain, a cheery, a handsome, a merry. At me thou never presentedst pistol. Thou badest the bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me, giving those who preferred it champagne. *Calum non animam*, &c. Do you think he has reformed now that he has crossed the sea, and changed the air? I have my own opinion. Howbeit, Rolando, thou wert a most kindly and hospitable bandit. And I love not to think of thee with a chain at thy shin.

Do you know how all these memories of unfortunate men have come upon me? When they came to frighten me this morning by speaking of my robbed pears, my perforated garden wall, I was reading an article in the *Saturday Review* about Rupilius. I have sate near that young man at a public dinner, and beheld him in a gilded uniform. But yesterday he lived in splendour, had long hair, a flowing beard, a jewel at his neck, and a smart surcoat. So attired, he stood but yesterday in court; and to-day he sits over a bowl of prison cocoa, with a shaved head, and in a felon's jerkin.

That beard and head shaved, that gaudy deputy-lieutenant's coat exchanged for felon uniform, and your daily bottle of champagne for prison cocoa, my poor Rupilius, what a comfort it must be to have the business brought to an end! Champagne was the honourable gentleman's drink in the House of Commons dining-room, as I am informed. What uncommonly dry champagne that must have been! When we saw him outwardly happy, how miserable he must have been! when we thought him prosperous, how dismally poor! When the great Mr. Harker, at the public dinners, called out—"Gentlemen,

charge your glasses, and please silence for the honourable Member for Lambeth!" how that honourable Member must have writhed inwardly! One day, when there was a talk of a gentleman's honour being questioned, Rupilius said, "If any man doubted mine, I would knock him down." But that speech was in the way of business. The Spartan boy, who stole the fox, smiled while the beast was gnawing him under his cloak: I promise you Rupilius had some sharp fangs gnashing under his. We have sate at the same feast, I say: we have paid our contribution to the same charity. Ah! when I ask this day for my daily bread, I pray not to be led into temptation, and to be delivered from evil.

The *Museum* for the October quarter is undoubtedly the best number of that very improving periodical which we have seen since its first publication. It has now ceased to speak so exclusively to schoolmasters as it did in its earlier numbers, and the choice of the subjects, not less than the accurate and scholarly way in which those subjects are dealt with, reflects considerable credit upon its conductors. The October number opens with an excellent paper, by Dr. Hodgson, on "Quintilian as an Educationist." The writer of course alludes to the very momentous topic discussed by the Roman rhetorician as to the relative advantages of public and private education, and appears to more than doubt whether our English public schools are nearly so efficacious in turning out Christian gentlemen as their admirers assert. He adds: "If home and the family are really a divine institution, English public schools cannot possibly furnish the model of a true educational system; and I venture to think that recent efforts to extend that system from the sons of the higher to those of the middle and lower classes, are greatly to be deplored." Dr. Hodgson, after quoting Quintilian's objections to the infliction of corporal punishment upon schoolboys, adds "a truly compact and comprehensive summary of the chief arguments against a practice which, I fear, still lingers among us in spite of reason, in spite of abundant example." The writer then with very pardonable bitterness proceeds to speak of his own school reminiscences and the torture which an unfeeling tyrant of the birch inflicted upon him and his school-fellows some five and twenty years ago:

I may be pardoned, if I speak with some bitterness of feeling on this subject, for, after the lapse of more than quarter of a century, I still look back with the keenest indignation to the time I spent, if not in the present building, at least in the old High School, which still exists in the Old Town, now as formerly a place of pain and suffering, but now for their alleviation, not, as formerly, for their infliction. For four precious but most tedious years did I groan under the tyranny of one of the most odious and despicable pedants that ever wielded a rod, or conjugated *verba* in all its tenses, and in every mood, chiefly the imperative, but always in the active voice, illustrated by practical experiments, and innumerable cuts. Truly a *plagueus Orbilius*, mis-shapen in body and mind; offensive to the eye and ear of youth; ignorant of everything (so far as appeared) except of his vocabulary and grammar; incapable of appealing to any emotion but fear; one with whom "physical force" meant the use of the *tams*, and "moral force" a threat to use the taws, but who, having little faith in "moral force," even so interpreted, seldom resorted to it, the "physical" being more efficacious, and, literally, ever at hand. A worthy parallel was he to the Swabian Cleisbotham of whom we read in Southey's "Life of Dr. Bell,"* and if my persecutor was his inferior in variety and ingenuity of method, he was not so in severity or frequency of infliction. Few more savage despots can have embittered the existence, bewildered the brains, soured and darkened the heart, crushed the intellect, exasperated the temper, and broken down the honour, candour, and self-respect of successive generations of boys. The aversion and disgust which he inspired spread to the subjects, or rather subject, which he professed to teach. If one learned at all, it was in spite of one's self; just as one cannot help inhaling the vapour, however nauseous, which pervades the room we dwell in.

Others, not educated so far north as Dr. Hodgson, will probably be able also to recall to their memories visions of tyrannical pedagogues, not less odious than the Scotch dominie pilloried above—of clergymen who used the cane and birch sparingly, or with brutal violence, according as their biliary organs were in good or bad order; and the first inquiry of whose pupils each morning was whether their masters had slept ill or well, and were therefore likely to be in a bad or good temper. Well did some of those luckless wights know how futile it was to attempt to stave off cruel punishment, by learning their tasks with the most rigid exactitude, if the weather, or a fit of indigestion, or a throbbing corn, had roused the lurking demon in their tyrant's temper. "American Poetry" is a fairly written essay. The writer skillfully sums up the deficiencies of Edgar Poe's genius: "This wonderful writer was a phenomenon *per se*; he seems to have belonged to a sphere in which certain elements of human nature were omitted, and others developed to an almost unparalleled intensity. His excellencies as a poet were narrow, his virtues as a man still more so; he had no humour; no general sympathies; no dramatic power (for his "Politician" is the worst play that has ever been written); and no conscience, for he never seemed to know the difference between right and wrong." Canon Robinson contributes a forcible article on "Scholastic Registration," arguing that aquack has really no more right to experiment with his nostrums on the mind than on the body of a patient. The reviews in the present number of the *Museum* are very good, more especially that on Younge's Virgil. The reviewer draws attention to a volume published at Dresden, viz., "Dr. Henry's Notes of a Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery in the First Six Books of the *Æneid*," which is described as "full of Virgilian knowledge, though full also of the 'voyager's' eccentricity." The few specimens which the reviewer has given us of its contents certainly seem to entitle it to the praise of being "full of Virgilian knowledge." Have we really all the time been in the habit of wrongly translating that time-honoured line of Virgil which has passed into a proverb:

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.—*Æn. l. 45.*

Dr. Henry insists (and the reviewer with him) that *dona ferentes* does not mean "offering presents." He holds that there is an ellipse of "divis," and that the words mean "even when offering sacrifices or paying vows," and that, therefore, the sense is, "There is no trusting a Greek, even

* He dominated over a school for fifty-one years, and was reckoned, from recorded observations, to have given 911,500 canings, 124,000 floggings, 209,000 custodies, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ears, 22,700 tasks by heart, 700 stands upon peas, 600 kneels on a sharp edge, 500 fool's caps, 1700 holds of rods, and over his grave were placed these words of Martial:

"*Ferula tristes, sceptrum pædagogorum, cessant.*"

though he be engaged in the most solemn acts." As to the correctness of this interpretation there is, to our mind, hardly a shadow of doubt. Again, in verses 79, 80:

Nec si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.

Dr. Henry, with the delicate perception of a true critic, points out that *fortuna* is joined with *finxit* and *finget*, but *improba* belongs to *finget* only. Many other almost equally nice points are noticed, which convince us that the lover of Virgilian lore will find a great literary treat in Dr. Henry's Commentary. We shall now conclude with offering our congratulations to the proprietors of the *Museum*, that they have so far deserved and won success. We think that they showed their good sense in trying to find their constituency chiefly among schoolmasters. Had they addressed themselves to English scholars in general, there is little doubt (we say it with shame) that they would have failed. The speedy decease of the *Museum Criticum*, the *Philological Museum*, and last but not least the admirably conducted *Cambridge Journal of Sacred and Classical Philology*, shows that England cannot maintain one publication of that class, although we are happy to say that in Germany several of great merit flourish, and are likely to continue to do so. Looking to the future of this country, we cannot say that we see a likelihood of any learned classical journal ever paying its expenses. The clergy are, or at least are supposed to be, the most learned body of men in the nation; and yet it cannot be doubted that year after year they are less likely to retain this reputation. Some time ago one of the ablest prelates in the English Church declared that for several years past no man of first-rate abilities had taken holy orders from Oxford. Though the same cannot be said of Cambridge, yet since the institution of competitive examinations scores of the cleverest and best educated young men of each year seem to give their preference to any calling save that of the Church; and the fact that a Fellowship need not now necessarily be a step to holy orders sets free a large class of men who would otherwise in due time have entered the Church. So patent, indeed, is the change at Cambridge, that a well-known master of a college there has declared that the Church is a refuge for the destitute. In Ireland the want of competent, not to say learned, curates has almost reached a crisis. The clever students of Trinity and the Queen's Colleges seem infinitely to prefer the Bar, the Indian Civil Service, or commissions in the Engineers and Artillery, to the chance of a livelihood in the Church, where even interest can offer little more to the great majority than the barest competency. Taking, then, these things into consideration, we see no future hope of a place for a first-class quarterly journal of philology. The Bar, India, and the Engineer and Artillery services absorb the majority of those University students who in time might be scholars and "ripe and good ones." It is needless to say, however, that such exacting professions as these leave little or no time for the study of classical literature. The English Church, happily, still numbers in its ranks some of the first scholars in the world; but these are becoming less numerous each year, and their places are but very slowly filled up. The great majority of modern curates are young men who can do little more than hammer through an easy chapter of the Testament in the original Greek, and who are as little likely to busy themselves about critical points in philology as they are about the peculiar dialect spoken by the Choctaw Indians.

We have also received: *Macmillan's Magazine*—*London Society*—*Duffy's Hibernian Sixpenny Magazine*—*Kingston's Magazine for Boys*—*Hedderwick's Miscellany*—*The Dublin University, &c.*

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

MME. HENRIETTE BROWNE'S PICTURE, "The Sisters of Mercy," at the International Exhibition, has been engraved by Mr. Barlow, for Messrs. Moore and Queen.

"The Bull," by James Ward (the English Paul Potter), has been purchased for the National Gallery.

Mr. Frith's "Railway Station" will shortly be exhibited at Messrs. Hayward and Leggatt's, Cornhill.

Mr. Leech's collection of sketches in oil, is about to be removed from the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, to Cornhill; after which it is to make a tour in the provinces.

Mr. Gambart has given two important commissions to the great Belgian artists, M.M. Leys and Gallait. To the former he is to pay 8000*l.* for the preliminary pictures he has painted for the frescoes, which he is about to paint in the Hotel de Ville, at Antwerp. To M. Gallait he is to pay 4000*l.* for a large picture on "The Plague of Tournay."

Mr. Frith, it is said, has agreed to paint a trilogy of pictures for Mr. E. Gambart for 10,000*l.*; the subjects being "Morning," "Noon," and "Night" in London life. As to "Noon" and "Night" there seems to be no doubt that the former is to be illustrated by the drive in Hyde Park, and the latter by the midnight scene in the Haymarket; but as to "Morning," there appears to be a controversy, some pretending that the scene is to be laid in Regent-street and others that it is to be high market in Covent Garden. For our part, we think that either Covent Garden or Billingsgate would afford the most typical illustration possible of London life.

The loan collection of works of art at the South Kensington Museum, will shortly close.

The Queen has been pleased to intimate her intention of bestowing her patronage upon the French School of Art, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury.

The Manchester School of Art complains that the allowance of 300*l.* a year hitherto allowed by Government has been withdrawn in consequence of a change in its master. Without this aid, or something equivalent from the public, it is stated that the school must stop.

Mr. Foley has received a commission for an equestrian statue of Lord Canning for Calcutta, where his "Lord Hardinge" already stands.

On the 6th of October, a statue of the late Herbert Ingram, Esq., by Mr. Munro, was inaugurated at Boston with much ceremony.

Mr. Mozier, the American sculptor, has sold his fine statue of "The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish," now in the Roman Court of the International Exhibition, to Mr. Daniel Gooch.

Kepler (the astronomer, who died in 1630), is now to have a statue erected to his memory in the neighbouring provincial capital, the small town of Wiel die Stadt. The principal observers of Germany are among the contributors, and the sum already subscribed amounts to 450*l.*

Waller's Tomb in Beaconsfield Church is being repaired by Mr. H. Harley, of Windsor, at the cost, and under the directions of the poet's descendants.

Mr. Noble is to execute a colossal bust of the late Prince Consort for the Bath Memorial Committee. It is to be placed in the Bath United Hospital. He is also commissioned to execute the Memorial Statue for Manchester, as well as that for Salford, which will be placed, as a pendant to that of the Queen, in Peel Park.

Mr. Slater, in restoring West Weston church, Surrey, has come upon some interesting wall-paintings, which are described by the *Builder*.

During some excavations at St. Clement's Church, Rome, a fresco painted wall has been discovered, the paintings in excellent preservation.

Mr. Scott is about to commence the repairs needed in Salisbury Cathedral. Mr. Scott has completed the restoration of the church of St. Mary-in-the-Castle, Dover.

The fine old parish church of Loughborough has been reopened, after its restoration by Mr. Scott at a cost of upwards of 8000*l.*

The rich collection of antiquities made by the Duc de Luynes is about to be added to the Bibliothèque Imperiale of Paris. It contains several splendid cameos and gems, bronzes, marbles, and other curiosities. The total value is about 60,000*l.*

The Goldsmiths' Company have acted as in 1851, by voting a sum of money for the purchase of choice works in the precious metals, by British artists. Why British exclusively? Might not some of the beautiful Italian, oriental, and Russian jewellery and goldsmith's work be purchased as models?

A controversy was supposed to be raging between certain French artists and the director of the Louvre relating to the disposal of the Campana Museum. The veteran M. Ingres complained loudly that the *chefs d'œuvre* of that collection were about to be dispersed over the provinces. But the controversy has been stilled by a letter from M. de Niewerkerke declaring that such a scheme was never contemplated.

M. Verdi is at St. Petersburg, superintending the arrangements for the production of his new opera, "La Forza del Destino."

Mme. Guerrabella, the singer, has left England for an engagement at the Academy of Music at New York.

Mme. Frezzolini has reappeared at the Italian Opera, Paris, in "Lucia." It is authoritatively stated that there is "no chance" of a new opera from M. Meyerbeer for some time to come.

Signor Mario has signed a six months' engagement at the Grand Opera of Paris.

It is rumoured in the Continental journals, that Mlle. Alboni is about to retire from the stage, after another season in England.

A new grand opera by M. Mermet (the author of "Saul"), is to be produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris. It is entitled "Roland a Roncevaux."

During the last week Mr. Mapleson opened Her Majesty's Theatre for four supplementary performances.

Mlle. Carlotta Patti has appeared in opera at New York.

San Carlo, at Naples, is to be opened, and Sig. and Mme. Tambrilic are to be of the company.

The German papers speak of three new oratorios—"St. Elizabeth," by Dr. Liszt; the "Raising of Lazarus," by Herr Vogt; and "St. Peter," by Herr Berthold, of St. Petersburg.

There is much talk of new English operas to be produced at Covent Garden Theatre by Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison. The first will be a new opera by Mr. Wallace, the words by Mr. Planché.

The Monday Popular Concerts, at St. James's Hall, have been resumed with great success. Herr Joachim, Mr. Lindsey Sloper, Mr. Hallé, and some of the first vocalists of the day, have already taken part.

Mlle. Patti, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme. Arabella Goddard, Herr Thalberg, and other celebrated musicians, have been reaping golden harvests in Lancashire, in spite of the "distress."

The original *MS.* of Mozart's "Figaro" is at Leipsig, in the hands of a gentleman who is prepared to part with it—at a price.

Mr. Tom Taylor's drama, "To Parents and Guardians," has been revived at Drury Lane Theatre.

Mr. Robson has reappeared at the Olympic in his old parts in "Daddy Hardacre," "Boots at the Swan," &c.

A little comedy by Schiller, hitherto unknown, has come to light, and will be published by his only surviving daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews have closed their entertainment at the Bijou Theatre.

M. Carvalho is once more the manager of the Théâtre Lyrique at Paris, and was to open it on the 1st of this month with M. Semet's "Ondine."

Miss Kate Saville has made her appearance at the Olympic, in Mr. Tom Taylor's drama, "All that Glitters is not Gold."

On Saturday, the 18th ult., Mr. Phelps took a farewell benefit at Sadler's Wells, by way of leave-taking to the Islingtonians. The part judiciously chosen was that of *Richelieu* in Sir E. B. Lytton's play.

Mr. Edmund Falconer (who is his own sole author as well as principal manager) has produced a new and original comédietta at the Lyceum, entitled "It must be true; 'twas in the papers," with moderate success.

Mr. Boucicault has taken Astley's Theatre, and will open his campaign at Christmas. It is rumoured that the horses will be abolished, and that "sensational" dramas will reign in their stead. It would not be a bad idea to play "Box and Cox" on horseback.

Sadler's Wells Theatre has been opened for a winter campaign by Captain Horton Rhys and Miss Catherine Lucette. Various novelties have been produced; among them "The Double Courtship," by Captain Rhys, and "Clouds and Sunshine of a Life," by an author calling himself Mr. Adolphe Fauquez.

The new Théâtre du Châtelet, at Paris, is commended to architects as an example, especially for the new mode of lighting introduced. Instead of flaring jets of gas, the light is transmitted through an oval transparency of glass, and is very pleasant to behold. The ventilation is also spoken of as excellent.

Mr. Harris's managership at the Princess's Theatre was brought to a close on the 16th ult., when Mr. and Mrs. Kean played in "Henry VIII." The house has since been reopened by Mr. Lindus with a very good company. Sheridan Knowles's play of "Love" was selected, but has since been withdrawn. Novelties are spoken of as "looming in the future."

The partnership so long subsisting between Messrs. Creswick and Shepherd, at the Surrey Theatre, has come to an end, and that popular theatre has opened once more under the exclusive management of the latter. The *ouverture* has been celebrated by a French adaptation by Mr. Vollaize of "La Bouquetière des Innocents," by M.M. Anicet, Bourgeois, and Ferdinand Dugné, under the title of "The Medal of Bronze."

It is stated that the planet seen by M. Robert Luther, on the 1st of September (which was supposed to be a novelty, and to which he proposed to give the name of "Diana"), is identical with "Daphne," discovered by M. Goldschmidt in 1856, and which has been lost sight of for six years.

Dr. William Tennant Gairdner has been appointed Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Glasgow.

The report of the Select Committee appointed to consider the practicability of adopting a simple and uniform system of weights and measures, is in favour of the metric system.

Doubts have been thrown as to the merits of all the proposed substitutes for cotton, and it is not to be doubted that they all have this drawback, they will require an entire change in the machinery of the factories.

M. Faucault has made some curious communications to the Académie des Sciences as to the velocity of light, which, according to his calculations, travels not 807 mètres per second, as previously supposed, but 298 mètres per second.

The spectrum analysis has been the means of discovering another new metal, which is called *rubidium*. It has been discovered by Professor Bunsen, of Heidelberg, in a kind of lepidolite, and experimental chemists will be interested to hear that a manufacturing chemist of Leipsig, M. O. Struve, is prepared to deliver a raw salt, containing 20 per cent. of chloride of rubidium, for 23 francs the kilogram.

The winter programme of lectures at the Royal Institution is an attractive one. It is as follows: Christmas Lectures, 1862: Prof. Frankland, six lectures, "On Air and Water" (adapted to a juvenile auditory). Before Easter, 1863: Prof. Marshall, twelve lectures, "On Physiology;" Prof. Frankland, ten lectures, "On Chemistry;" W. Savory, Esq., four lectures, "On Life and Death;" Prof. Max Müller, twelve lectures. After Easter: Prof. Tyndall, seven lectures; D. T. Ansted, Esq., nine lectures, "On Geology;" Prof. William Thomson, three lectures, "On Electric Telegraphy."

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have voted a loan of 10,000*l.* with interest at three per cent., in aid of the repairs of Salisbury Cathedral.

Mme. Mario (Jessie White) has been getting into political hot water again, and has had to escape arrest by leaving Milan rather suddenly.

The remains of a Jewish Cemetery have been discovered outside St. Sebastian's Gate at Rome.

The ceremonial of distributing the medals, &c., at the Great Exhibition will take place in January, when the Prince of Wales will preside.

It is said that Viscount Laguëronnière, the editor of *La France*, gets 25,000*fr.* a-year from the Empress's private purse, besides his salary and his senator's pay, for his strenuous advocacy of the Pope's cause.

The *Morning Journal* says that the Liberal party of the University of Glasgow propose to nominate Lord Palmerston to the office of Lord Rector at the forthcoming election in that University. *Query*: Will his Lordship be more fortunate in this venture than he was at Cambridge?

Some men, dressed up as labourers, were taken up to Bow-street, charged with defrauding a broker in Portugal-street, and others, with spurious antiquities. The articles were quite worthless and were made of lead, and the fellows obtained prices for them on the pretence that they had dug them up among the works at Hungerford Market. The magistrate could not interfere.

Sir Robert Peel lately opened a new school on his estate at Fazeley, near Birmingham. The cost, about 1400*l.*, was entirely defrayed by the right hon. baronet, with the exception of the usual grant from the Committee of Council.

The accommodation is for 400 pupils. The rooms are fitted up with gas to allow of evening lectures and night schools to be carried on during the winter months. Sir Robert Peel's address on the occasion was much above the average of such speeches.

A circular has been issued by the College of Preceptors, inviting the scholastic profession to endeavour to obtain an Act for the legal recognition of teachers founded upon some suitable examination, similar to the Medical Registration Act. By such an Act incompetent persons would, it is supposed, be excluded from being teachers in endowed schools, and also be disabled from legally recovering claims for scholastic instruction. If the many difficulties in the way of such a movement can be overcome, no one can doubt the good effects which would result.

The annual meeting of the Ray Society was held at Cambridge on the 8th of October, Sir P. de Grey Egerton in the chair. The report of the Council was read and adopted. The present income of the Society is 700*l.* per annum. The volume in hand for the year 1862 is the second and concluding part of Mr. Blackwall's "British Spiders." The volumes in preparation for the succeeding years are: Dr. Günther on the "Reptiles of British India;" Dr. Bowerbank's "Monograph of the British Spongiadae;" Mr. Douglas on "British Hemiptera Heteroptera;" Mr. Andrew Murray on the "Coniferae;" Prof. Allman on the "British Corynidae;" J. Beck, Esq., R. M'Andrew, Esq., Prof. Ramsay, and A. Tyler, Esq., were elected members of the Council, in the room of Dr. Daubeny, J. Hogg, Esq., L. Horner, Esq., and Dr. Lankester. Sir Philip de M. G. Egerton, Bart., was re-elected President. J. Lubbock, Esq., was re-elected Treasurer; and H. T. Stainton, Esq., was re-elected Secretary.

The *Queen* (referring to the stoppage of the *Literary Budget*) says: "When we prognosticated a fortnight back that some of the literary journals would be fain to put up their shutters for want of business, we scarcely expected that our prophecy was so near its fulfilment as it has proved to be. If what we hear be true, this day will witness the exit from the scene of a literary journal which has enjoyed but a few brief months of not very vigorous existence. The problem of creating an organ of the literary, scientific, and artistic world, able to resist and counterbalance the despotism of the *Athenæum* (a tyranny under which the publishers and many others are very impatient) has yet to be solved, and, we feel persuaded, needs only an honest and independent projector for its solution. The feat, however, will never be achieved by any journal which belongs to a firm of publishers; first, because such a journal could never free itself from the taint of partisanship; and, secondly, because the natural jealousy of the other publishers would compel them to withhold their support."

MADAME TUSSAUD.—Amongst the many novelties which have lately been added to this collection is a group representing the marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Alice with his Highness the Prince of Hesse. The ceremony is being performed by the Archbishop of York. This group has two merits. The likenesses are close to nature, and the composition is perfectly artistic. It would be difficult to produce anything of the kind more meritorious. There is every evening in the gallery a host of English and foreign visitors; indeed for several months the place has been actually crowded with a mob of sight-seers.

BOOK NEWS:

A BOOKSELLER'S RECORD AND AUTHOR'S AND PUBLISHER'S REGISTER.

AT THE BEGINNING OF OCTOBER very few books made their appearance, but towards its close they began to multiply, and as we go to press several interesting works have been laid on our table, which we much regret did not arrive earlier. As the Critic is made up some days before the first of the month, and as we desire to keep our readers *au courant* with the latest novelties, we sincerely desire that publishers would favour us with early copies of their issues, so that in the enjoyment of ample leisure we may be enabled to render them ample critical justice.

Books of travel have predominated in the past month. We have Mr. Sydney Laman Blanchard's "Ganges and the Seine;" Mr. E. Barrington de Fonblanque's "Nippon and Pecheli, or, Impressions of Japan and the North of China;" "A Sailor Boy's Log-Book from Portsmouth to the Peiho," edited by Mr. Walter White; "Sinai Photographed," being photographs from the inscriptions on the rocks in the peninsula of Mount Sinai recording the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, with a narrative and translation of the inscriptions by the Rev. Charles Forster; "Wanderings among the Falashas or Jews of Abyssinia," by the Rev. Henry A. Stern; "Viti," or an account of a government mission to the Vitian or Figian group, by Dr. Berthold Seemann; "Three Years in Melbourne," by Clara Aspinall; "A Lenten Journey in Umbria and the Marches of Ancona," by Mr. T. A. Trollope; "An Agricultural Tour in Belgium and Holland and on the Rhine," by Mr. R. Scott Burn; "Something of Italy," being a tour in that country in the present year by Mr. William Chambers of Edinburgh; and "On the Mountain, or Welsh Experiences," by Mr. George Tugwell. Novels have scarcely been so numerous as usual. Miss Braddon's "Lady Audley's Secret" has met with remarkable success. In three thick volumes Mr. Lascelles Wraxall has produced a translation of M. Victor Hugo's grand work, "Les Misérables." "Two Catherine's" and "A Bad Beginning; a Story of a French Marriage," both anonymous, are all. In Science we have Dr. Wilson's two handsome volumes on "Pre-Historic Man;" a treatise by the Rev. T. R. Birks on "Matter and Ether; or, the Secret Laws of Physical Change;" another by Mr. F. C. Webb, on "The Principles of Electrical Accumulation and Conduction;" "Physiology and its Aids to the Study and Treatment of Disease," by Mr. E. P. Mapother; and "Contributions to Practical Medicine," by Dr. Begbie. In Theology we have the first part of Bishop Colenso's "Critical Examination of the Pentateuch," a work which some expect

will make as much noise as "Essays and Reviews;" "Apocalypsis Alfordiana: Five Letters to Dean Alford in refutation of his Apocalyptic Exposition, and a Brief Enquiry into the Literary Character and Trustworthiness of his Greek New Testament Commentaries," by the Rev. E. B. Elliot; two volumes of "Sermons preached on various Occasions during the last Twenty Years," by the Rev. Dr. Goulbourn; "Parish Papers," by the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod; and "Jerusalem the Golden, and the Way to it," by the Rev. Herman Douglas. In History and Biography we have the fifth volume of Mr. Merivale's "Romans under the Empire;" Mrs. Gordon's Life of her father, Professor Wilson (Christopher North); Mr. Cox's "Tales of the Gods and Heroes;" Miss Kavanagh's "Englishwomen of Letters;" Miss Grace Wharton's "Literature of Society;" and the fifth volume of Thomas Hood's works, embracing his writings between 1840 and 1842, inclusive, and containing the review of the Old Curiosity Shop, to which Mr. Dickens alludes in the preface to that work. A collection of Hymns by Sir Roundell Palmer, entitled "The Book of Praise," and "The Counsels of an Invalid," compiled from the letters and papers of the late Professor George Wilson, complete our list.

In the course of the present year two cases of combination concerning compositors were referred to the Tribunal of Paris. Twenty-two persons were inculpated and have been set at liberty. They were accused, one party of having, in 1862, being in the employ of divers printers, formed a combination to cause work to cease at the same time, and to raise the price of work in the offices of the said printers; the said combination manifested by attempts or commencements of execution, the others of having by a circular distributed to commit the offence of combination above specified. For issuing the circular some of the prisoners were variously fined and sent to prison for terms varying from ten days to a month; but now, as stated, all are at liberty.

ARTHUR HALLAM'S "Remains in Verse and Prose," with a memoir and portrait, is announced by Mr. Murray.

ADMIRAL FITZROY'S "Weather-Book, or Manual of Practical Meteorology," will be published by Messrs. Longman and Co. in the course of the month.

MISS M'LOCH is engaged on the selection and editorship of the best old-fashioned fairy stories as a volume of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s Golden Treasury Series.

MESSRS. W. H. SMITH AND SON'S publication, *Books of the Month* has been discontinued after an existence of a year and a half. Mr. Mudie's and Messrs. Tinsley's *Circulars* superseded any necessity for its existence.

"LONDON PEOPLE, SKETCHED FROM LIFE," by Mr. Charles Bennett, with numerous illustrations, will be published immediately by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE REV. P. BEATON has a novel nearly ready, in three volumes, entitled "Marion Leslie," which will be published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

MRS. GROTE has in the press a volume of original and reprinted "Papers in Prose and Verse."

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD AND SONS have in preparation for Christmas an edition of Professor Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," with seventy illustrations designed by Messrs. Joseph Noel and Waller H. Paton.

Mrs. WOOD's novel from *The Quiver*, "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," will be published by Mr. Bentley about the 10th inst.

THE REV. W. DENTON, of St. Bartholomew's, Cripplegate, has a volume just ready describing his experiences of "Servia and the Servians."

MESSRS. BELL AND DALDY will add in a few days to their Pocket Library White's "Natural History of Selborne" and Coleridge's "Poems." Walton and Cotton's "Complete Angler," with illustrations, is in preparation for the same series.

MR. FRANCIS T. BUCKLAND has in preparation two new volumes of papers on Natural History.

A CHEAP EDITION, in one volume, of Miss Evans's "Mill on the Floss," is nearly ready.

A NEW TRANSLATION, with a commentary and introduction, of "The Song of Songs which is Solomon's," by the Rev. J. F. Thrupp, is announced by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

"THE THREE MARYS; Mary of Magdalen, Mary of Bethany, and Mary of Nazareth," by the Rev. A. Moody Stuart, of Edinburgh, is preparing for publication by Messrs. Nisbets.

THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH is about to publish "A Journal of a Tour in Italy."

MR. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has in the press a volume of travels in Poland, under the title of "Life and Death in Poland."

IN ADDITION TO MR. DICEY'S "Six Months in the Federal States," we are about to have another volume of American experiences by Mr. D. Mitchell, entitled "Ten Years in the United States."

MR. JAMES HINTON, the author of that strange book, "Man and His Dwelling-Place," is about to reprint his physiological papers in the *Cornhill Magazine* in a volume, with the title of "Life in Nature."

MR. DAVID PAGE, whose geological works are very popular, has an Introductory Text Book of Physical Geography in the press.

THE MEMOIRS, JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE of Lady Morgan, edited by Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, will be published next week in two volumes by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co.

MR. HENRY MAYHEW'S juvenile Christmas book this year will be "The Bohvood of Martin Luther," illustrated by Absolon.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO. have in the press a new work by the author of the "Study of the Bible," entitled "The Destiny of the Human Race, a Scriptural Inquiry," which will probably be out in December next.

MR. THACKERAY'S "Roundabout Papers," from the *Cornhill Magazine*, will be republished in a volume before the end of the year.

THE LIFE OF LORD BOLINGBROKE, by Mr. Thomas Macknight, is announced by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

"CALVIN, HIS LIFE AND WORKS," by M. Felix Bungener, will be published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh, this month.

MISS M. L. WHATELY, daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin, has a small volume, entitled "Ragged Life in Egypt," nearly ready for publication.

MISS GOODMAN, whose "Experiences of a Sister of Mercy" has been very favourably received, is going to follow it up with a book on "Sisterhoods in the Church."

A HISTORY OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY, from the defection of Sir Robert Peel to the Present Time, is announced by Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

DR. WHEWELL is preparing a new edition of Macintosh's Ethical Philosophy.

MR. VANDERKISTE, who published a few years ago, a startling work on the Dens of London, has another nearly ready, entitled, "Lost; but not for Ever."

A CHURCH STUDENT'S MANUAL, by the Rev. C. H. Bromby, is announced by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

WORDSWORTH'S POEMS FOR CHILDREN, in small quarto, with fifty illustrations by Mr. John Macwhirter, is in preparation by Messrs. Strahan and Co.

A NEW VOLUME OF SERMONS, by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, is announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. An Analysis of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," by Mr. Robertson, is also in the press.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY will appear immediately as editor of a collection of Ballads of the Cavaliers and English Jacobites.

MRS. HOWITT has translated from the Swedish Miss Bremer's "Greece and the Greeks," which Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will publish in two volumes some time this month.

A LIFE OF THE LATE REV. JAMES SHERMAN, the well-known Dissenting preacher, is in preparation by his friend the Rev. Henry Allon, of Islington.

THE REV. DR. BONAR, of Kelso, has in the press "Fifty-two Short Sermons for Family Reading."

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS has in the press a new edition of "An Essay on the Origin and Formation of the Romance Languages: containing an Examination of M. Raynouard's Theory on the Relation of the Italian, Spanish, Provençal, and French to the Latin." It will be published by Messrs. Parker, Son, and Bourn.

HUNDRED GUINEA PRIZE TALE.—About eighteen months ago, the Scottish Temperance League offered a prize of one hundred guineas for the best Temperance Tale. Upwards of eighty MSS. were received in reply, and the adjudication has just been completed. The successful tale is "Rachel Noble's Experience," by Bruce Edwards. This tale will be published on the 1st of December. We understand that the successful competitor is a lady, resident in Glasgow.

THE ABOLISHED PAPER DUTY.—The Board of Inland Revenue's Sixth Report, recently printed, deals for the last time with the paper duty. The stock of paper in the hands of wholesale dealers and stationers on the 1st of October, 1861, when the duty was abolished, was 62,387,089 lb., and the drawback paid thereon amounted to 355,491*l.*—an allowance of the whole duty being made where the paper had been "charged" after the 15th of May, 1861, and of one penny per lb. where it had been charged previously or up to that date. This was not, however, the whole amount of duty returned in consequence of the repeal, for, between the 1st of April and the 1st of October, 1861, there were exported on drawback 13,342,250 lbs. of paper, on which the amount of duty returned was 90,159*l.*—the quantity exported during those six months being equal to the annual average quantity of former years. The reductions which the repeal of the paper duty enabled the Revenue Commissioners to make in their establishment amounted to 183 officers, with a total salary of 26,112*l.* In addition to this there will be an annual saving of 2500*l.* for stationery, and for the stamps and labels that were used to denote the charge of duty on each separate ream or parcel of paper.

DEAN MILMAN has in preparation a History of the Jews brought down to Modern Times. It will be published by Mr. Murray, in three volumes.

THE STORY OF PETER PARLEY'S OWN LIFE, from the narrative of the late Samuel Goodrich (Peter Parley), edited by his friend and admirer, Frank Freeman, will be published shortly by Messrs. S. Low, Son, and Co.

"WATERLOO AND THE DOWNFALL OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON," by Mr. George Hooper, is a new volume announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., in which the evidences of the great battle, about which M. Thiers has revived the interest, will be discussed.

DR. FORBES WATSON, whose Indian experience is very extensive, has a book nearly ready, on "The Cotton, Flax, and other Chief Fibre-yielding Plants."

MR. R. W. MACKAY, author of "The Progress of the Intellect," has a new work on hand, on "The Tubingen School and its Antecedents; or, a Historical View of Modern Theology."

"ENGLAND UNDER GOD," by the Venerable Archdeacon Evans, is announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

MISS MULOCK's story of "Mistress and Maid," which has run through all the numbers of *Good Words* for the present year, will be published in two volumes by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett in a few weeks.

LORD MACKENZIE, one of the judges of the Court of Session in Scotland, has in the press a volume of "Studies in Roman Law, with Comparative Views of the Laws of France, England, and Scotland."

"THE BEATITUDES ILLUSTRATED," by the author of "The Wide, Wide World," is a Christmas book in preparation by Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co.

MR. DUTTON COOK, author of "Paul Foster's Daughter," has another novel nearly ready, entitled "The Prodigal Son."

A NEW EDITION OF Mr. Grote's History of Greece, in eight volumes, is announced by Mr. Murray.

MISS CAROLINE HADLEY has a juvenile work, "Children's Sayings; or, Early Life at Home," nearly ready.

THE REV. G. B. BENNETT, of Fleet, Lincolnshire, has a Memoir and Selection from the Correspondence of Miss Sarah Bennett, late of Melton Mowbray, in the press, under the title of "The Christian Governess."

MR. THOMAS HOOD has written and illustrated a book for Christmas entitled "The Loves of Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep;" and his sister, Mrs. Brodrip, has written another, "My Grandmother's Budget of Stories and Verses," for which Mr. Hood has designed the pictures.

TWO WORKS by the late Mrs. Geldart, of Norwich, are announced by Messrs. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday; one a volume of tales and sketches for the young, entitled "First Steps in Life," and the other "The Second Mother, Her Trial and Joys."

MR. JOHN TIMBS has in the press a popular description of the International Exhibition of 1862, from its origin to its close.

A SELECTION from the letters of the poet Cowper is in preparation by the Religious Tract Society.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE of the Rev. Dr. Whalley, including letters of Mrs. Piozzi, Miss Seward, Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Siddons, &c., is promised by Mr. Bentley before the close of the year.

"THE FAITHFUL HOUND; a True Story in Verse," by Lady Thomas, illustrated by Mr. Harrison Weir, will be published in a week or two by Messrs. Griffith and Farran.

MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD AND SONS are about to issue a cheap edition of the late Professor Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianae," in twelve monthly shilling parts, illustrated with portraits.

MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES is suffering from severe and, it is feared, dangerous illness at Torquay.

HOLME LEE (Miss Parr) has a book nearly ready for Christmas, in continuation of one published last year, entitled "Tuftongbo's Journey in Search of Ogres."

MR. ROBERT BELL will edit a Christmas book for Messrs. Griffin, Bohn, and Co., entitled "The Shrine of Genius; or, Choice Offerings from Poets and Painters," consisting of passages from Chaucer to Tennyson, illustrated with engravings on steel.

AN ENGLISH EDITION of Baron Leibig's treatise on the Natural Laws of Tillage and Manuring is in preparation by Dr. Blyth, Professor of Chemistry, Queen's College, Cork.

MR. S. W. FULFORD is about to appear as biographer of Sir Howard Douglas.

HELEN, LADY DUFFERIN, has a Christmas Book, in small quarto, just ready, entitled, "Lispings from Low Latitudes, or the Journal of the Hon. Impulsia Gushington." There will be twenty-four illustrations by Lady Dufferin.

MR. JOHN R. WISE, who two years ago produced a pleasant book on Shakespeare's Birthplace, will have out in time for Christmas presents a similar work on the New Forest, with illustrations by Mr. W. Crane.

MR. CHARLES KNIGHT'S "Popular History of England" will be brought to a close early in November. The Prince of Wales has accepted the dedication of the work, which is used as a class-book at Cambridge by Professor Kingsley.

"ROBA DI ROMA; OR, WALKS AND TALKS IN ROME," in two volumes, by Mr. W. W. Story, will be published this month by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

MISS MABEL S. CRAWFORD, daughter of the late Sharman Crawford, M.P., has two volumes of travel, entitled "Through Algeria," in the press. A year or two ago Miss Crawford published "Life in Tuscany," which was very favourably received.

MR. W. H. KINGSTON has prepared a couple of boy's books for Messrs. Griffith and Farran's Christmas sale—one, "Our Soldiers, or Anecdotes of the Gallant Deeds of the British Army during the Reign of Queen Victoria," and the other "Our Sailors."

"KATIE, OR THE SIMPLE HEART," by D. Richmond, is announced by Messrs. Bell and Daldy.

MR. J. S. LAWRIE has undertaken the editorship of a series of quarterly volumes, to be entitled "The Shilling Entertaining Library for Leisure Hours," adapted to the requirements of school libraries, families and working-men. Two or three volumes, as specimens of the series, will be published by Messrs. Longman and Co. in December.

A HANDSOME CENOTAPH to the memory of John Milton is in course of construction in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where he was buried, 12th November, 1674. At the end of last century, Mr. Whitbread employed Bacon, the sculptor, to produce a bust of the poet, which he set up on the north side of the nave; but until Mr. John Nind, churchwarden, took the initiative, and first advocated and then commenced its restoration, St. Giles was sadly abused and neglected. Since that time various improvements have been made, each change suggesting others, until all available funds were exhausted, and an appeal was made to the public for subscriptions. Already 1000*l.* has been raised, to which the late Earl of Ellesmere, Miss Burdett Coutts, Baron Rothschild, Mr. S. Morley, and various Churchmen, Dissenters, Jews, and Quakers have willingly contributed. St. Giles is associated with many precious memories. Not only do John Milton and his father rest there, but Fox, the martyrologist, Speed, the historian, and Sir Martin Froisher, the Arctic voyager; and at its altar, on 20th August, 1620, Oliver Cromwell was married to Elizabeth Bowchier.

AN INDEX to the *Edinburgh Review* from Volume LXXXI. to CX. inclusive is nearly ready. Subscribers who desire the Index are requested to apply for it at once. The quire stock of the volumes of the *Edinburgh Review* to which this Index is being prepared having been entirely destroyed by fire at the publishers' in September 1861, no more copies of this Index will be printed than are likely to be required to meet the current demand.

DR. LATHAM must be a busy man. A work on the Channel Islands written by him in conjunction with Professor Ansted will be out in a few days. Two volumes on the Nationalities of Europe from his pen are announced as nearly ready; and at the new year he will commence the issue in monthly parts of an edition of Johnson's Dictionary, with numerous emendations and additions.

MESSRS. T. AND T. CLARK of Edinburgh will publish this month "Historical Theology, a Review of the Principal Doctrinal Discussions in the Christian Church since the Apostolic Age," by the late Professor Cunningham; "Modern Pantheism," by M. Emile Saisset, translated by the Rev. W. Alexander; "Ezekiel and the Book of his Prophecy, an Exposition," by the Rev. Dr. Patrick Fairbairn; and a new translation of Calvin's Institute's in two volumes, by Mr. Henry Beveridge.

MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO.'S LIST OF BOOKS for early publication contains among Biographies, "The Life of Sir John Eliot," by Mr. John Forster; "The Missionary Life and Labours of Francis Xavier," by the Rev. Henry Venn; "The Life of Robert Stephenson," by Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson and Mr. W. Pole; "The Life of Bishop Warburton," by the Rev. J. S. Watson; Savonarola and his Times," by Professor Villari and Mr. Leonard Horner. In Travel there are Sir Rutherford Alcock's "Capital of the Tycoon, a Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Japan;" Dr. Lempriere's "Notes on Mexico in 1861 and 1862;" and the Rev. J. E. Wood's "Geological Observations in South Australia." In History there are D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin;" the second volume of Mr. Erskine May's "Constitutional History of England since 1760;" and the late Mrs. Jameson's "History of our Lord and of His Precursor, John the Baptist." In Science there are Professor Tyndall's lectures "On Heat considered as a Mode of Motion;" Dr. George Hartwig's "Tropical World and its Living Wonders;" Professor Owen's "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals," illustrated by upwards of 1200 wood engravings; Mr. Henry Worms' "The Earth and its Mechanism," being an account of the various proofs of the rotation of the earth; Colonel Sir Henry James on Photozincography and other photographic processes employed at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton; and a Dictionary of Chemistry, founded on the late Dr. Ure's, by Mr. Henry Watts, Editor of the *Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society*. In miscellaneous literature we are promised two Hymn-books—"Hymnologia Christiana, or Psalms and Hymns for the Christian Seasons," selected and contributed by Philhymnic Friends, and edited by the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Lichfield; and "The English Chorale-book," being the *Lyra Germanica* translated from the German by Miss Winkworth, with music selected and harmonised by Professor Sterdale Bennett and M. Otto Goldschmidt; an edition of the Works of Virgil based on the text of Wagner, by Dr. Kennedy; and "Problems in Human Nature," by the author of "The Afternoon of Life."

UNITED STATES.—Admirers of Chaucer will be glad to hear that Professor Child, of Harvard College, Massachusetts, is engaged in editing his works. Upon the text the American Professor, far removed as he is from the MSS. treasures of European libraries, can hardly improve; nor is it necessary, after the exhaustive labours of various English editors.

PARSON BROWNLOW received 3400*l.* for the first sixty days' sale of his book. MR. HAWTHORNE has published, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, a graphic account of Leamington Spa, where he resided for a time when in England.

NEWSPAPER EDITORS IN THE CONFEDERATE STATES, and all who are in their employment as printers and clerks, are exempted from military service under the new Conscription Act.

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK 6000 persons are employed in the printing trade. They use up every year 5,000,000 dollars' worth of paper, ink, &c., and produce 11,000,000 dollars' worth of books. The capital employed is estimated at \$500,000 dollars.

MR. EDMUND KIRKE's book, "Among the Pines; or, South in Secession Time," has sold 22,000 copies in a few weeks.

A COMPLETE EDITION of Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's Poems in one volume, with a portrait of the author, has just been published by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston.

THE NEW YORK TRADE SALE OF BOOKS, fixed for Sept. 18th, was deferred to Oct. 16th, in consequence of the excitement and disturbance caused by the Confederate invasion of Maryland.

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE's curious Poem, "The Victories of Love," has just been reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*, by Mr. Burnham, of Boston; and published as a 2s. volume.

ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, August 30, John Goldsmith Hanson, only son of the late Rev. J. H. Hanson, and great grand-nephew of Oliver Goldsmith, was killed, fighting for the North. He was not eighteen, having been born in 1844. His death was instantaneous, having been shot through the head.

DURING THE BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS, while the fighting was going on, and in the battle-field itself, newsboys went about hawking the last numbers of the New York papers, and, what is more, found men to buy them.

A CABINET EDITION of the Poets, at 5*s.* a volume, has been commenced by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields. Tennyson's and Longfellow's Poems, each in two volumes, and in size and form similar to Pickering's Aldine editions, commence the series. If favourably received by the public, editions of Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Saxe, and English poets will follow.

THE PAPER TRADE OF PENNSYLVANIA, DELAWARE, AND NEW JERSEY, IN 1860.—The mills of Philadelphia produce, especially, papers of a quality and size rather out of the common way. Those of the environs are occupied in the production of printing papers, and particularly "news." Into the composition of the latter straw largely enters, and journals exist that consume annually 50,000 reams of this paper, which, although pretty good in colour, and printing very well, is harsh and brittle. For many years paper-hangings were specialties of Philadelphia manufacture; and, although at present (1860) New England and New York contain numerous manufactures of these articles, Philadelphia still maintains her reputation for them. France sends paper-hangings of very superior quality, but, according to official documents, the quantity imported by Philadelphia is equal to about 5 per cent., only, of the quantity manufactured in that State. The American colours and designs are generally of doubtful taste. As much, however, may be said of all indigenous products to which the fine arts are in any way attempted to be applied. Almost all the printing offices of these States have now machine presses. Many print in various languages. Four type foundries exist, whose united capital is stated at 500,000 dollars; one of these, also engaged in the production of stereotypes and electro-types, employs 250 workpeople, and turns out 600,000 lb. weight of types per annum. Those which are used in printing for the blind deserve particular mention.

MESSRS. BLAKEMAN AND MASON, of New York, are trying to make a sensation with a volume entitled "The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers," and which is described as "containing a full and veracious history of the valiant Mackerel Brigade, whose magnificent exploits in the capture of forts and cities, and the practice of profound strategy, have struck terror to the heart of an envious Europe, and fractured the backbone of the rebellion in innumerable places. The book opens with an entirely new and curious autobiographical narrative, setting forth certain interesting events of the irrepressible author's childhood; the prophetic opinion of him entertained by the doctor; his production of the first *Distinctive American Poem* that ever utterly absorbed and confounded the British critics; his unhappy flight to the celebrated Sixth Ward, and gradual descent to the ignominious ultimate of living in Washington."

MESSRS. D. APPLETON AND CO. have got out the fifteenth volume of their great work, "The New American Cyclopædia, a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge," edited by Mr. George Ripley and Mr. Charles A. Dana. This volume contains 865 pages, including about 1800 articles, and extends from the word "Spiritualism" to the end of the Letter U. By far the most important article in the volume is that on the United States, which occupies 122 pages, equivalent to 500 or 600 of an ordinary octavo. There are thirty-three pages of statistical tables, embracing the results of the census of 1860, which have not yet appeared in any other publication. The history is brought down to the end of August this year, thus giving an account of the campaign in Virginia, as late as McClellan's evacuation of Harrison's Landing. The book-buying public will take a more particular interest in an article on the Literature of the United States, by Mr. Charles S. Weyman, which is altogether the most complete history of American letters that has yet been published. It mentions every author of note the States have produced, with critical notices of the more important. The Cyclopædia will be completed in another volume.

FRANCE.—M. Bertrand, a Mormon missionary, dispatched by Brigham Young from the Great Salt Lake, has made his appearance in Paris. Fearing that the police would interfere with the public dissemination of the doctrines of his sect, he is advertising a volume, as about to appear, which, if its contents are correctly stated, is likely enough to attain a large circulation among the curious and wonder-loving Parisians.

M. THIERS, it is said, has entered into an agreement with a publisher for a "History of France from 1815 to 1848." His friends, however, contradict the rumour, saying, that in April last he entered his sixty-sixth year, and his "History of the French Revolution" and of "Consulate and the Empire" are sufficient for his career as a writer. All that may be expected from him henceforth will be the publication of his speeches and some pamphlets on the fine arts, to which he now devotes himself more than ever.

TRADE NEWS.

DISSOLUTIONS OF PARTNERSHIP.—Guitton and Menuel, brass letter founders and bookbinders' tool cutters, Bartlett's-passage, Fetter-lane.

F. Jackson, and R. M. Carter, Leeds, printers.

Martin and Dray, wholesale stationers, Fore-street.

Parkinson and Whittaker, printers and stationers, Worksop.

C. Reed, B. Pardon, F. C. Darby, and W. Crookes, Wine-office-court, Fleet-street, proprietors of the *Chemical News*.

Roberts and Smith, engravers and printers, Rood-lane.

BANKRUPTS.—Herbert Cooper, bookseller, Chesterfield.

Samuel Danks, stationer, Dudley.

Desmond Gerald Fitzgerald, newspaper proprietor, 32, Paternoster-row.

Alfred H. Grinling, late of Budge-row, lithographer.

Thomas Bower Green, law stationer, Canterbury.

James Higginbottom, rag and waste dealer and papermaker, New Mills, Derby.

James Humphries, news agent, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

Edward E. Holiday, printer, Sheffield.

Ernest Juch, editor, 54, Halliford-street, Islington.

William John Pepper, printer, Coventry.

William Perkins, printer, Haverfordwest.

Sarah Pitt, bookseller and stationer, Newport.

William Sloan, paper-maker, Carnae, Antrim.

J. W. Smethurst, printer, Manchester.

Thomas Sanders, law stationer, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn.

Richard Sydenham, bookseller and stationer, Poole.

John William Southern, bookseller, Darlaston and Wednesbury.

Edward L. Thomas, printer, Parade, Lambeth.

Robert and Jabez Taylor, stationers, Manchester.

James Tyacke, stationer, Chasewater, Cornwall.

William Edward Tipping, news agent, Eaton, Yorkshire.

SCOTTISH SEQUESTRATION.—Henderson and Co., wholesale stationers, Glasgow.

IN consequence of a dissolution of a partnership, the whole stock of books and copyrights of Messrs. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co., will be sold by auction. The first portion will be offered for sale on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday next, by Mr. Hodgson, Chancery-lane.

THE WORKPEOPLE OF MESSRS. DE LA RUE AND CO. contribute about two guineas per week to the fund for the relief of the Lancashire operatives, and propose continuing the contribution so long as it may be required.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY, it is said, has amended the articles against Dr. Rowland Williams, and the case is to come before the Court of Arches on Monday next, unless the case should come before the Judicial Committee of Privy Council on technical grounds, arising out of the learned judge's decision on the admissibility of the articles, on the 25th June last.

THE MERCHANDISE MARKS ACT.—WEIGHTS OF PAPER.—The following is the copy of a circular addressed to the Stationers of the United Kingdom:

"On the 27th September, 1861, a Circular was addressed to you regarding the marking of paper in excess of its real weight. This was accompanied by a copy of a letter, signed by the wholesale stationers of London, stating their intention to do all in their power to discourage the practice of over-marking reams of paper.

"In consequence of a few of those who had signed breaking through this resolution, a meeting of the trade was held on the 13th of December last, at which it was agreed to adhere strictly to the original decision, and a committee (consisting of Messrs. Chater, Spicer, Grimwade, F. P. Barlow, Millington, J. Hodge, jun., and Watson) was appointed to take such steps as might be deemed necessary to get a clause inserted in the 'Trade Marks Bill,' compelling papermakers to mark, and stationers to sell, paper marked with the actual weight.

"In the early part of this year the above-mentioned Bill was referred to a committee of the House of Commons, before whom the committee appointed by the trade attended, and gave evidence. In consequence of this the word 'weight' was inserted in the Bill; and we are glad to be able to announce to

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 Grothe, Will., was mein Auge sah u. mein Ohr hörte. Novellen. 8. Berlin, 1863
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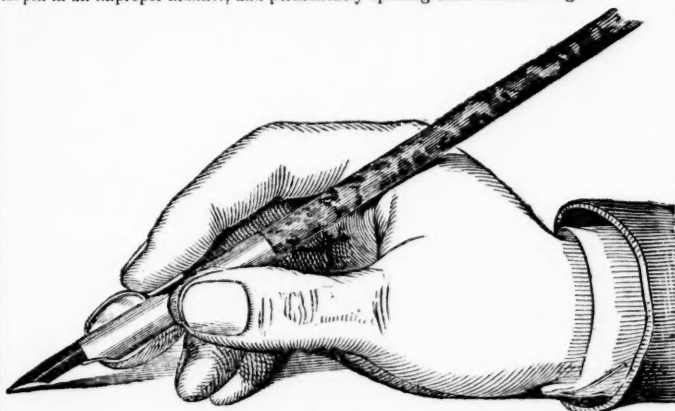
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